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WORKS

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POETICAL WORKS
OF
MATTHEW PRIOR.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S. A.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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ENCOMIUMS ON PRIOR.

VERSES

SENT TO HIM WHEN UNDER CONFINEMENT.

JUNE 1715.

Cur pœudet facita fistula cum lyra?
Parcentes ego dexteræ
Odi : sparge rosas ; audiat invidus
Dementem strepitum Lycus.

COULD I, great Bard! O, could I share
Thy genius, as thy grief;
My healing verse should soothe thy care,
And timely give relief.

But vain are my essays to sing,
And impotent my strains,
The cordials from yourself must spring,
That can allay your pains.

On your firm heart and honest breast
Bend your reflecting eyes;
For Socrates, by faction press'd,
To conscious virtue flies.

Nor could philosophy divine
 Such solid joys impart,
 As each soft strain, each magic line,
 Of your diviner art.

'Then string again your slacken'd lyre
 To peaceful Anna's praise ;
 What would not innocence inspire,
 And Anna's glory raise !

Though faction all its rage oppose,
 The pleasing theme pursue ;
 They only who were Anna's foes,
 Are enemies to you.

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO PRIOR ON HIS CARMEN SECULARE.

WHEN PRIOR's Muse prepares to sing
 Some god, or godlike hero's praise,
 She soars aloft, and on her airy wing
 High as their high deserts their fame does raise.

Thus William's glory scales the sky,
 Through rolling ages to remain,
 Which neither brass nor marble can attain,
 Rais'd thus above the reach of vulgar destiny.—

Much we commend the poet's skill,
 That so exalted sings a theme sublime :
 But more his art to cover fatal ill—
 Such shades make William's glory brighter shine.

O! long as breath inspires this fleeting frame,
Be my example PRIOR's grateful name :
Though not a Dorset shed his rays on me,
Happy am I, if but inspir'd by thee.

A. T.

FROM*THE VILLAGE CURATE,*

BY HURDIS.

How sweet the music of thy happy times,
Poetic PRIOR : full of mirth thy Muse,
And exquisite her jest. Ah! hear it not,
Ye sober fair, for fulsome is the taste,
And only fit for the distemper'd ear
Of jolly libertines. His graver song
Applaud unsatisfied, and ever laugh
To see him mount the furious Pegasus
Pindaric, often tried, but tried in vain,
And never to be tam'd by crazy wits.
'Twas an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse,
' And flung his rider if he sat not sure,'
Dan Cowley said. Yet up sprung MAT resolv'd ;
O'er sea and land with an unbounded loose
Runs the mad steed, a Gilpin race I ween.
' Hardly the Muse can sit the head-strong horse ¹.
See now she gallops round the Belgic shore,
Now through the raging ocean ploughs her way
To rough Ierne's camps ; there sounds alarms,

¹ See his *Carmen Seculare* to the King.

In the dank marshes finds her glorious theme,
And plunges after him through Boyne's fierce flood.
Back to his Albion then, then with stiff wing
East, over Danube and Propontis' shores,
From the Mæotus to the northern sea,
To visit the young Muscovite ; thence up
Resolv'd to reach the high empyrean sphere,
And ask for William an Olympic crown,
Till lost in trackless fields of shining day,
Unhors'd, and all aghast, down, down she comes,
Comes rushing with uncommon ruin down.
Glorious attempt, but not unhappy fate.
'Twas lucky, MAT, thou hadst not giv'n a name
To some Icarian gulf, or shook at least
The carnal man so sore, that he had limp'd
And tamely hobbled to the verge of life.
But, thank our stars, thy pace is even yet,
And happily the Muse her mirthful song
In durance vile prolongs. So have I heard
The captive finch, in narrow cage confin'd,
Charm all his woe away with cheerful song,
Which might have melted e'en a heart of steel
To give him liberty.'

DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

LIONEL,

EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX ¹.

IT looks like no great compliment to your Lordship that I prefix your name to this Epistle, when, in the Preface, I declare the Book is published almost against my inclination. But, in all cases, my Lord, you have an hereditary right to whatever may be called mine. Many of the following pieces were written by the command of your excellent father, and most of the rest under his protection and patronage.

The particular felicity of your birth, my Lord, the natural endowment of your mind, which, without suspicion of flattery, I may tell you are very great: the good education with which these parts have been improved, and your coming into the world, and seeing men very early, make us expect from your Lordship all the good which our hopes can form in favour of a young nobleman. *Tu Marcel-*

¹ Afterwards created Duke of Dorset.

lus eris,—our eyes and our hearts are turned on you. You must be a judge and master of polite learning, a friend and patron to men of letters and merit, a faithful and able counsellor to your Prince, a true patriot to your country, an ornament and honour to the titles you possess, and, in one word, a worthy son to the great Earl of Dorset².

It is as impossible to mention that name without desiring to commend the person, as it is to give him the commendations which his virtues deserved. But I assure myself the most agreeable compliment I can bring your Lordship is to pay a grateful respect to your father's memory: and my own obligations to him were such, that the world must pardon my endeavouring at his character, however I may miscarry in the attempt.

A thousand ornaments and graces met in the composition of this great man, and contributed to make him universally beloved and esteemed. The figure of his body was strong, proportionable, beautiful; and were his picture well drawn, it must deserve the praise given to the portraits of Raphael, and at once create love and respect. While the greatness of his mien informed men they were approaching the nobleman, the sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the patron. There was in his look and gesture something that is more easily conceived than described, that gained upon you in his favour before he spake one word. His behaviour was easy and courteous to all; but distinguished, and adapted to each man in particular, according to his station and quality. His

² See Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

civility was free from the formality of rule, and flowed immediately from his good sense.

Such were the natural faculties and strength of his mind, that he had occasion to borrow very little from education ; and he owed those advantages to his own good parts which others acquire by study and imitation. His wit was abundant, noble, bold. Wit, in most writers, is like a fountain in a garden, supplied by several streams brought through artful pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably: but the Earl of Dorset's was a source rising from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and, with inexhaustible supplies, delighted and enriched the country through which it passed. This extraordinary genius was accompanied with so true a judgment in all parts of fine learning, that whatever subject was before him, he discoursed as properly of it as if the peculiar bent of his study had been applied that way ; and he perfected his judgment by reading and digesting the best authors, though he quoted them very seldom.

Contemnebat potius literas, quam nesciebat ;

and rather seemed to draw his knowledge from his own stores, than to owe it to any foreign assistance.

The brightness of his parts, the solidity of his judgment, and the candour and generosity of his temper, distinguished him in an age of great politeness, and at a court abounding with men of the finest sense and learning. The most eminent masters, in their several ways, appealed to his determination. Waller thought it an honour to consult him in the softness and harmony of his verse ;

and Dr. Sprat in the delicacy and turn of his prose. Dryden determines by him, under the character of Eugenius, as to the laws of dramatic poetry. Butler owed it to him that the Court tasted his Hudibras: Wycherly, that the Town liked his Plain-Dealer: and the Duke of Buckingham deferred to publish his Rehearsal, till he was sure (as he expressed it) that my Lord Dorset would not *rehearse* upon him again. If we wanted a foreign testimony, La Fontaine and St. Evremont have acknowledged, that he was a perfect master in the beauty and fineness of their language, and of all that they call *Les belles Lettres*. Nor was this nicety of his judgment confined only to books and literature; but was the same in statuary, painting, and all other parts of art. Bernini would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a figure; and King Charles did not agree with Lely, that my Lady Cleveland's picture was finished, till it had the approbation of my Lord Buckhurst.

As the judgment which he made of others' writings could not be refuted, the manner in which he wrote will hardly ever be equalled. Every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, intrinsically and solidly valuable: such as, wrought or beaten thinner, would shine through a whole book of any other author. His thought was always new, and the expression of it so particularly happy, that every body knew immediately it could only be my Lord Dorset's; and yet it was so easy, too, that every body was ready to imagine himself capable of writing it. There is a lustre in his verses, like that of the sun in Claude Lorraine's landscapes; it looks natural, and is inimitable. His love-verses

have a mixture of delicacy and strength : they convey the wit of Petronius in the softness of Tibullus. His satire, indeed, is so severely pointed, that in it he appears, what his great friend the Earl of Rochester (that other prodigy of the age) says he was,

The best good man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.

Yet, even here, that character may justly be applied to him which Perseus gives of the best writer in this kind that ever lived :

*Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.*

And the gentleman had always so much the better of the satirist, that the persons touched did not know where to fix their resentments ; and were forced to appear rather ashamed than angry. Yet so far was this great Author from valuing himself upon his works, that he cared not what became of them, though every body else did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which, however, are always repeated : like the verses and sayings of the ancient Druids, they retain an universal veneration, though they are preserved only by memory.

As it is often seen that those men who are least qualified for business love it most ; my Lord Dorset's character was, that he certainly understood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very young to the possession of two plentiful estates, and in an age when pleasure was more in fashion than business ; he turned his parts rather to books and conversation than to politics, and what more immediately related to the public :

but whenever the safety of his country demanded his assistance, he readily entered into the most active parts of life ; and underwent the greatest dangers, with a constancy of mind, which shewed that he had not only read the rules of philosophy, but understood the practice of them.

In the first Dutch war he went a volunteer under the Duke of York ; his behaviour, during that campaign, was such as distinguished the Sackville descended from that Hildebrand of the name, who was one of the greatest captains that came into England with the Conqueror. But his making a song the night before the engagement ³ (and it was one of the prettiest that ever was made) carries with it so sedate a presence of mind, and such an unusual gallantry, that it deserves as much to be recorded as Alexander's jesting with his soldiers before he passed the Granicus, or William the First of Orange, giving order over-night for a battle, and desiring to be called in the morning lest he should happen to sleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining part of King Charles's reign, he continued to live in honourable leisure. He was of the Bed-chamber to the King, and possessed not only his master's favour, but, in a great degree, his familiarity ; never leaving the Court but when he was sent to that of France, on some short commissions and embassies of compliment ; as if the King designed to show the French, (who would be thought the politest nation) that one of the finest gentlemen in Europe was his subject ; and that we had a Prince who understood

³ Dr. Johnson has offered a rational solution of this romantic anecdote, in his *Lives of the Poets*.

his worth so well, as not to suffer him to be long out of his presence.

The succeeding reign neither relished my Lord's wit nor approved his maxims ; so he retired altogether from Court. But as the irretrievable mistakes of that unhappy government went on to threaten the nation with something more terrible than a Dutch war, he thought it became him to resume the courage of his youth, and once more to engage himself in defending the liberty of his country. He entered into the Prince of Orange's interest, and carried on his part of that great enterprise here in London, and under the eye of the Court, with the same resolution as his friend and fellow patriot the late Duke of Devonshire did, in open arms at Nottingham ; till the dangers of those times increased to extremity, and just apprehensions arose for the safety of the Princess, our present glorious Queen⁴ : then the Earl of Dorset was thought the properest guide of her necessary flight, and the person under whose courage and direction the nation might most safely trust a charge so precious and important.

After the establishment of their late Majesties upon the throne, there was room again at Court for men of my Lord's character. He had a part in the councils of those princes, a great share in their friendship ; and all the marks of distinction with which a good government could reward a patriot. He was made Chamberlain of their Majesties' household, a place which he so eminently adorned by the grace of his person, and the fineness of his breeding, and the knowledge and prac-

⁴ Queen Anne.

tice of what was decent and magnificent, that he could only be rivalled in these qualifications by one great man who has since held the same staff.

The last honours he received from his sovereign (and indeed they were the greatest which a subject could receive) were, that he was made Knight of the Garter, and constituted one of the regents of the kingdom during his Majesty's absence. But his health, about that time, sensibly declining, and the public affairs not threatened by any imminent danger, he left the business to those who delighted more in the state of it, and appeared only sometimes at Council to show his respect to the commission; giving as much leisure as he could to the relief of those pains with which it pleased God to afflict him, and indulging the reflections of a mind that had looked through the world with too piercing an eye, and was grown weary of the prospect. Upon the whole, it may very justly be said of this great man, with regard to the public, that through the course of his life he acted like an able pilot in a long voyage; contented to sit quiet in the cabin when the winds were allayed and the waters smooth; but vigilant, and ready to resume the helm, when the storm arose and the sea grew tumultuous.

I ask your pardon, my Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord Dorset's character; if I examine it not without some intention of finding fault, and (which is an odd way of making a panegyric) set his blemishes and imperfections in open view.

The fire of his youth carried him to some excesses, but they were accompanied with a most

lively invention and true humour. The little violences and easy mistakes of a night too gaily spent, (and that, too, in the beginning of life,) were always set right, the next day, with great humanity and ample retribution. His faults brought their excuse with them, and his very failings had their beauties. So much sweetness accompanied what he said, and so great generosity what he did, that people were always prepossessed in his favour; and it was in fact true what the late Earl of Rochester said, in jest, to King Charles, that 'he did not know how it was, but my Lord Dorset might do any thing, yet was never to blame.'

He was naturally very subject to passion; but the short gust was soon over, and served only to set off the charms of his temper, when more composed. That very passion broke out with a force of wit, which made even anger agreeable: while it lasted, he said and forgot a thousand things, which other men would have been glad to have studied and wrote: but the impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection, and the measure altered with such grace and delicacy, that you could scarce perceive where the key was changed.

He was very sharp in his reflections, but never in the wrong place. His darts were sure to wound; but they were sure too to hit none but those whose follies gave him very fair aim. And when he allowed no quarter, he had certainly been provoked by more than common error; by men's tedious and circumstantial recitals of their affairs, or by their multiplied questions about his own; by extreme ignorance and impertinence, or the mixture of these, an ill-judged and never-ceasing

civility ; or, lastly, by the two things which were his utter aversion, the insinuation of a flatterer, and the whisper of a talebearer.

If, therefore, we set the piece in its worst position, if its faults be most exposed ; the shades will still appear very finely joined with their lights, and every imperfection will be diminished by the lustre of some neighbouring virtue ; but if we turn the great drawings and wonderful colourings to their true light, the whole must appear beautiful, noble, admirable.

He possessed all those virtues, in the highest degree, upon which the pleasure of society, and the happiness of life depend ; and he exercised them with the greatest decency and best manners. As good nature is said by a great author^s, to belong more particularly to the English than any other nation ; it may again be said, that it belonged more particularly to the late Earl of Dorset than to any other Englishman.

A kind husband he was, without fondness ; and an indulgent father, without partiality. So extraordinary good a master, that this quality ought indeed to have been numbered among his defects ; for he was often served worse than became his station, from his unwillingness to assume an authority too severe : and, during those little transports of passion to which I just now said he was subject, I have known his servants get into his way, that they might make a merit of it immediately after ; for he that had the good fortune to be chid, was sure of being rewarded for it.

^s Sprat's History of the Royal Society.

His table was one of the last, that gave us an example of the old housekeeping of an English nobleman. A freedom reigned at it which made every one of his guests think himself at home; and an abundance, which shewed that the master's hospitality extended to many more than those who had the honour to sit at table with him.

In his dealings with others, his care and exactness, that every man should have his due, was such, that you would think he had never seen a court: the politeness and civility with which this justice was administered, would convince you he never had lived out of one.

He was so strict an observer of his word, that no consideration whatever could make him break it; yet so cautious, lest the merit of his act should arise from that obligation only, that he usually did the greatest favours without making any previous promise. So inviolable was he in his friendship, and so kind to the character of those whom he had once honoured with a more intimate acquaintance, that nothing less than a demonstration of some essential fault could make him break with them; and then, too, his good nature did not consent to it without the greatest reluctance and difficulty. Let me give one instance of this amongst many. When, as Lord Chamberlain, he was obliged to take the King's pension from Mr. Dryden, (who had long before put himself out of a possibility of receiving any favour from the Court,) my Lord allowed him an equivalent out of his own estate. However displeased with the conduct of his old acquaintance, he relieved his necessities; and while

he gave him his assistance in private, in public he extenuated and pitied his error.

The foundation, indeed, of these excellent qualities, and the perfection of my Lord Dorset's character, was that unbounded charity which ran through the whole tenor of his life; and sat as visibly predominant over the other faculties of his soul, as she is said to do in heaven, above her sister virtues.

Crowds of poor daily thronged his gates, expecting thence their bread; and were still lessened, by his sending the most proper objects of his bounty to apprenticeships or hospitals. The lazy and the sick, as he accidentally saw them, were removed from the street to the physician; and many of them not only restored to health, but supplied with what might enable them to resume their former callings, and make their future life happy. The prisoner has often been released, by my Lord's paying the debt; and the condemned has been saved by his intercession with the Sovereign, where he thought the letter of the law too rigid. To those whose circumstances were such as made them ashamed of their poverty, he knew how to bestow his munificence without offending their modesty; and, under the notion of frequent presents, gave them what amounted to a subsistence. Many yet alive know this to be true: though he told it to none, nor ever was more uneasy than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find among the Greeks and Latins, Tibullus and Gallus, the noblemen that writ poetry; Augustus and Mæcenas, the protectors of learn-

ing; Aristides, the good citizen; and Atticus, the well-bred friend; and bring them in as examples of my Lord Dorset's wit, his judgment, his justice, and his civility: but for his charity, my Lord, we can scarce find a parallel in history itself.

Titus was not more the *deliciæ humani generis*, on this account, than my Lord Dorset was: and, without any exaggeration, that prince did not do more good, in proportion, out of the revenue of the Roman empire, than your father out of the income of a private estate. Let this, my Lord, remain to you and your posterity a possession for ever; to be imitated, and, if possible, to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I scarce knew what life was, sooner than I found myself obliged to his favour; nor have had reason to feel any sorrow so sensibly as that of his death:

Ille dies—quem semper acerbum
Semper honoratum (sic Di voluistis) habebo.

Æneas could not reflect upon the loss of his own father with greater piety, my Lord, than I must recal the memory of your's: and when I think whose son I am writing to, the least I promise myself from your goodness is an uninterrupted continuance of favour, and a friendship for life: to which, that I may with some justice entitle myself, I send your Lordship a Dedication, not filled with a long detail of your praises, but with my sincerest wishes that you may deserve them: that you may employ those extraordinary parts and abilities, with which Heaven has blessed you, to the honour of your family, the benefit of your friends, and the

good of your country: that all your actions may be great, open, and noble, such as may tell the world whose son and whose successor you are.

What I now offer to your Lordship is a Collection of poetry, a kind of 'Garland of good-will.' If any verses of my writing should appear in print under another name and patronage than that of an Earl of Dorset, people might suspect them not to be genuine. I have attained my present end, if these Poems prove the diversion of some of your youthful hours, as they have been occasionally the amusement of some of mine; and I humbly hope, that as I may hereafter bind up my fuller sheaf, and lay some pieces of a very different nature (the product of my severer studies) at your Lordship's feet, I shall engage your more serious reflection: happy if, in all my endeavours, I may contribute to your delight, or to your instruction. I am, with all duty and respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,
and most humble servant,

MATTHEW PRIOR.

PREFACE.

THE greatest part of what I have written having been already published, either singly, or in some of the Miscellanies, it would be too late for me to make any excuse for appearing in print. But a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, though without my knowledge, in which the publisher has given me the honour of some things that did not belong to me, and has transcribed others so imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own defence, to look back upon some of those lighter studies, which I ought long since to have quitted; and to publish an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worse.

Thus I beg pardon of the public for reprinting some pieces which, as they came singly from their first impression, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonson's shop; and adding others to them which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more safely, in a corner of my own study.

The reader will, I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very distant times, and on very different occasions, and take them as they happen to come: public Panegyrics, amorous Odes, serious Reflections, or idle Tales; the pro-

duct of his leisure hours, who had business enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.

I own myself much obliged to Mrs. Singer¹, who has given me leave to print a pastoral of her writing; that poem having produced the verses immediately following it. I wish she might be prevailed with to publish some other pieces of that kind, in which the softness of her sex, and the fineness of her genius, conspire to give her a very distinguishing character.

POSTSCRIPT.

I must help my Preface by a Postscript, to tell the reader that there is ten years distance between my writing one and the other; and that (whatever I thought then, and have somewhere said, that I would publish no more poetry) he will find several copies of verses scattered through this edition, which were not printed in the first. Those relating to the public, stand in the order they did before; according to the several years in which they were written, however the disposition of our national affairs, the actions or the fortunes of some men, and the opinions of others, may have changed. Prose and other human things may take what turn they can; but poetry, which pretends to have something of divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes once printed cannot well be altered, when the author has already said that he expects his works should live for ever: and it had been

¹ Afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Rowe.

very foolish in my friend Horace if, some years after his *exegi monumentum*, he should have desired to see his building taken down again.

The Dedication, likewise, is reprinted to the Earl of Dorset, in the foregoing leaves, without any alteration; though I had the fairest opportunity, and the strongest inclination to have added a great deal to it. The blooming hopes which I said the world expected from my then very young patron, have been confirmed by most noble and distinguished first-fruits; and his life is going on towards a plentiful harvest of all accumulated virtues. He has, in fact, exceeded whatever the fondness of my wishes could invent in his favour: his equally good and beautiful lady enjoys in him an indulgent and obliging husband; his children a kind and careful father; and his acquaintance a faithful, generous, and polite friend. His fellow-peers have attended to the persuasion of his eloquence, and have been convinced by the solidity of his reasoning. He has, long since, deserved and attained the honour of the Garter. He has managed some of the charges of the kingdom with known ability, and laid them down with entire disinterestment: and as he continues the exercises of these eminent virtues (which that he may to a very old age shall be my perpetual wish) he may be one of the greatest men that our age, or possibly our nation, has bred; and leave materials for a panegyric not unworthy the pen of some future Pliny.

From so noble a subject as the Earl of Dorset, to so mean a one as myself, is (I confess) a very Pindaric transition: I shall only say one word, and

trouble the reader no further. I published my Poems formerly, as Monsieur Jourdain sold his silk: he would not be thought a tradesman; but ordered some pieces to be measured out to his particular friends. Now I give up my shop, and dispose of all my poetical goods at once; I must therefore desire that the public would please to take them in the gross, and that every body would turn over what he does not like.

ODES.

ON EXODUS III. 14¹.

‘ I AM THAT I AM.’

MAN! foolish man!
Scarce know'st thou how thyself began;
Scarce hast thou thought enough to prove thou art,
Yet, steel'd with studied boldness, thou dar'st try
To send thy doubting Reason's dazzled eye
Through the mysterious gulf of vast immensity:
Much thou canst there discern, much thence impart.
Vain wretch! suppress thy knowing pride;
Mortify thy learned lust:
Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyself art dust.

Let Wit her sails, her oars let Wisdom lend;
The helm let politic Experience guide;
Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd bark shall ride
Down spreading Fate's unnavigable tide.
What though still it farther tend,
Still 'tis farther from its end,
And, in the bosom of that boundless sea,
Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

¹ Written in 1688, as an exercise at St. John's college, Cambridge.

With daring pride and insolent delight [crown'd,
Your doubts resolv'd you boast, your labours
And, ΕΥΦΗΚΑ ! your God, forsooth is found
Incomprehensible and infinite :
But is he therefore found ? Vain searcher ! no :
Let your imperfect definition show
That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

Say, why should the collected main
Itself within itself contain ?
Why to its caverns should it sometimes creep,
And with delighted silence sleep
On the lov'd bosom of its parent deep ?
Why should its numerous waters stay,
In comely discipline and fair array,
Till winds and tides exert their high command ?
Then, prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the rising surges spread
Their opening ranks o'er earth's submissive head,
Marching through different paths to different lands ?

Why does the constant sun,
With measur'd steps his radiant journies run ?
Why does he order the diurnal hours
To leave earth's other part, and rise in ours ?
Why does he wake the correspondent moon,
And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
Commanding her, with delegated pow'rs,
To beautify the world and bless the night ?
Why does each animated star
Love the just limits of its proper sphere ?
Why does each consenting sign,
With prudent harmony, combine
In turns to move, and subsequent appear,
To gird the globe and regulate the year ?

Man does with dangerous curiosity
These unfathom'd wonders try :
With fancied rules, and arbitrary laws,
Matter and motion he restrains,
And studied lines and fictious circles draws;
Then, with imagin'd sovereignty,
Lord of his new hypothesis he reigns.
He reigns ! How long ? till some usurper rise !
And he, too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise,
Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.
From this last toil again what knowledge flows ?
Just as much, perhaps, as shows
'That all his predecessors' rules
Were empty cant, all jargon of the schools ;
That he on the' others' ruin rears his throne,
And shows his friend's mistake, and thence confirms
his own.

On earth, in air, amidst the seas and skies,
Mountainous heaps of wonders rise,
Whose towering strength will ne'er submit
To Reason's batteries, or the mines of Wit :
Yet still inquiring, still mistaking man,
Each hour repuls'd, each hour dares onward press,
And, levelling at God his wandering guess,
(That feeble engine of his reasoning war,
Which guides his doubts and combats his despair)
Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give ;
Can bound that nature, and prescribe that will,
Whose pregnant Word did either ocean fill ;
Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they
move and live.
Through either ocean, foolish man !
That pregnant Word sent forth again,

Might to a world extend each atom there ; [star.
For every drop call forth a sea, a heaven for every

Let cunning earth her fruitful wonders hide,
And only lift thy staggering reason up
To trembling Calvary's astonish'd top ;
Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy pride,
Explaining how Perfection suffer'd pain,
Almighty languish'd, and Eternal died ;
How by her patient victor Death was slain,
And earth profan'd, yet bless'd with Deicide.
Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down ;
Only reserve the sacred one :
Low, reverently low,
Make thy stubborn knowledge bow ;
Weep out thy reason's and thy body's eyes ;
Deject thyself that thou may'st rise ;
To look to Heaven, be blind to all below.

Then Faith, for Reason's glimmering light, shall give
Her immortal perspective,
And Grace's presence Nature's loss retrieve :
Then thy enliven'd soul shall see,
That all the volumes of philosophy,
With all their comments, never could invent
So politic an instrument
To reach the Heav'n of heavens, the high abode,
Where Moses places his mysterious God,
As was that ladder which old Jacob rear'd,
When light divine had human darkness clear'd,
And his enlarg'd ideas found the road
Which faith had dictated and angels trod.



WHILE blooming youth and gay delight
Sit on thy rosy cheeks confess'd,
Thou hast, my dear, undoubted right
To triumph o'er this destin'd breast.
My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain,
For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

But would you meanly thus rely
On power you know I must obey?
Exert a legal tyranny,
And do an ill because you may?
Still must I thee, as Atheists Heaven adore,
Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy pow'r?

Take heed, my dear, youth flies apace;
As well as Cupid, Time is blind;
Soon must those glories of thy face
The fate of vulgar beauty find:
The thousand Loves that arm thy potent eye,
Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown
A hateful wrinkle more appears;
And putting peevish humours on,
Seems but the sad effect of years:
Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove,
To raise the feeble fires of aged love.

Forc'd compliments, and formal bows,
Will show thee just above neglect ;
The heat with which thy lover glows,
Will settle into cold respect.
A talking, dull, Platonic I shall turn :
Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.

Then shun the ill, and know, my dear,
Kindness and constancy will prove
The only pillars fit to bear
So vast a weight as that of love :
If thou canst wish to make my flames endure,
Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

Haste, Celia, haste, while youth invites ;
Obey kind Cupid's present voice ;
Fill every sense with soft delights,
And give thy soul a loose to joys :
Let millions of repeated blisses prove,
That thou all kindness art, and I all love.

Be mine, and only mine ; take care
Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams, to guide
To me alone ; nor come so far
As liking any youth beside :
What men e'er court thee, fly them, and believe
They're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

So shall I court thy dearest truth,
When beauty ceases to engage ;
So thinking on thy charming youth,
I'll love it o'er again in age :
So Time itself our raptures shall improve,
While still we wake to joy, and live to love.



WHILE from our looks, fair Nymph, you guess
The secret passions of our mind ;
My heavy eyes, you say, confess
A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

There needs, alas ! but little art
To have this fatal secret found ;
With the same ease you threw the dart,
'Tis certain you may show the wound.

How can I see you and not love,
While you, as opening East, are fair ?
While cold, as northern blasts, you prove,
How can I love and not despair ?

The wretch in double fetters bound
Your potent mercy may release :
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
Fair Prophetess, my grief would cease.

TO A LADY,

SHE REFUSING TO CONTINUE A DISPUTE WITH ME,
AND LEAVING ME IN THE ARGUMENT.

SPARE, generous Victor, spare the slave
Who did unequal war pursue,
That more than triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.

In the dispute, whate'er I said
My heart was by my tongue belied,
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your side.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustain'd an open fight ;
For seldom your opinions err ;
Your eyes are always in the right.

Why, fair-one, would you not rely
On Reason's force with Beauty's join'd ?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind.

Alas ! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspir'd :
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I desir'd.

But she, howe'er of victory sure,
Contemns the wreath too long delay'd,
And, arm'd with more immediate pow'r,
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight ;
She drops her arms, to gain the field ;
Secures her conquest by her flight,
And triumphs, when she seems to yield.

So when the Parthian turn'd his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew,
With cruel skill the backward reed
He sent ; and, as he fled, he slew.

~~~~~

**THE** merchant, to secure his treasure,  
Conveys it in a borrow'd name ;  
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,  
But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,  
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay,  
When Chloe noted her desire  
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,  
But with my numbers mix my sighs ;  
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,  
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd ; Euphelia frown'd :  
I sung and gaz'd ; I play'd and trembled ;  
And Venus, to the Loves around,  
Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

*PRESENTED TO THE KING,*  
ON HIS MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND, AFTER  
THE QUEEN'S DEATH, 1695.

---

Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus  
Tam cari capitis ? præcipe lugubres  
Cantus, Melpomene.

---

AT Mary's tomb (sad, sacred place !)  
The Virtues shall their vigils keep ;  
And every Muse, and every Grace,  
In solemn state shall ever weep.

The future pious, mournful fair,  
Oft as the rolling years return,  
With fragrant wreaths and flowing hair,  
Shall visit her distinguish'd urn.

For her the wise and great shall mourn,  
When late records her deeds repeat ;  
Ages to come, and men unborn,  
Shall bless her name and sigh her fate.

Fair Albion shall, with faithful trust,  
Her holy Queen's sad relics guard,  
Till Heav'n awakes the precious dust,  
And gives the saint her full reward.

But let the King dismiss his woes,  
Reflecting on his fair renown ;  
And take the cypress from his brows,  
To put his wonted laurels on.

If, press'd by grief, our Monarch stoops,  
In vain the British Lion's roar :  
If he, whose hand sustain'd them, droops,  
The Belgic darts will wound no more.

Embattled princes wait the chief  
Whose voice should rule, whose arm should lead ;  
And, in kind murmurs, chide that grief  
Which hinders Europe being freed.

The great example they demand,  
Who still to conquest led the way,  
Wishing him present to command,  
As they stand ready to obey.

They seek that joy which us'd to glow  
Expanded on the hero's face,  
When the thick squadrons press'd the foe,  
And William led the glorious chase.

To give the mourning nations joy,  
Restore them thy auspicious light :  
Great Sun ! with radiant beams destroy  
Those clouds which keep thee from our sight.

Let thy sublime meridian course  
For Mary's setting rays atone ;  
Our lustre, with redoubled force,  
Must now proceed from thee alone.

See, pious King ! with different strife  
They struggling Albion's bosom torn :  
So much she fears for William's life,  
That Mary's fate she dare not mourn.

Her beauty, in thy softer half  
Buried and lost, she ought to grieve ;  
But let her strength in thee be safe ;  
And let her weep, but let her live.

Thou, guardian Angel ! save the land  
From thy own grief, her fiercest foe,  
Lest Britain, rescued by thy hand,  
Should bend and sink beneath thy woe.

Her former triumphs all are vain,  
Unless new trophies still be sought,  
And hoary majesty sustain  
The battles which thy youth has fought.

Where now is all that fearful love  
Which made her hate the war's alarms ?  
That soft excess with which she strove  
To keep her hero in her arms ?

While still she chid the coming spring,  
Which call'd him o'er his subject seas ;  
While for the safety of the King,  
She wish'd the Victor's glory less.

'Tis chang'd ; 'tis gone : sad Britain now  
Hastens her lord to foreign wars :  
Happy if toils may break his woe,  
Or dangers may divert his cares.

In martial din she drowns her sighs,  
Lest he the rising grief should hear ;  
She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,  
Lest he should see the falling tear.

Go, mighty Prince ! let France be taught  
How constant minds by grief are tried ;  
How great the land that wept and fought,  
When William led, and Mary died !



Fierce in the battle make it known,  
Where Death with all his darts is seen,  
That he can touch thy heart with none  
But that which struck the beauteous Queen.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief,  
While yet her master was not near ;  
With sullen pride refus'd relief,  
And sat obdurate in despair.

As waters from her sluices, flow'd  
Unbounded sorrow from her eyes ;  
To earth her bended front she bow'd,  
And sent her wailings to the skies :

But when her anxious lord return'd,  
Rais'd is her head, her eyes are dried ;  
She smiles as William ne'er had mourn'd ;  
She looks as Mary ne'er had died.

That freedom which all sorrows claim,  
She does for thy content resign ;  
Her piety itself would blame,  
If her regrets should waken thine.

To cure thy woe she shows thy fame,  
Lest the great mourner should forget  
That all the race whence Orange came,  
Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

William, his country's cause could fight,  
And with his blood her freedom seal ;  
Maurice and Henry guard that right  
For which their pious parents fell.

How heroes rise, how patriots set,  
Thy father's bloom and death may tell :  
Excelling others these were great ;  
Thou, greater still, must these excel.

The last fair instance thou must give  
Whence Nassau's virtue can be tried,  
And show the world that thou canst live  
Intrepid, as thy consort died.

Thy virtue, whose resistless force  
No dire event could ever stay,  
Must carry on its destin'd course,  
Though Death and Envy stop the way.

For Britain's sake, for Belgia's, live ;  
Pierc'd by their grief forget thy own ;  
New toils endure, new conquest give,  
And bring them ease, though thou hast none.

Vanquish again, though she be gone  
Whose garland crown'd the victor's hair ;  
And reign, though she has left the throne  
Who made thy glory worth thy care.

Fair Britain never yet before  
Breath'd to her king an useless pray'r ;  
Fond Belgia never did implore,  
While William turn'd averse his ear.

But should the weeping hero now  
Relentless to their wishes prove ;  
Should he recal, with pleasing woe,  
The object of his grief and love ;

Her face with thousand beauties bless'd,  
Her mind with thousand virtues stor'd,  
Her power with boundless joy confess'd,  
Her person only not ador'd :

Yet ought his sorrow to be check'd ;  
Yet ought his passions to abate ;  
If the great mourner would reflect,  
Her glory in her death complete.

She was instructed to command,  
 Great King! by long obeying thee;  
 Her sceptre, guided by thy hand,  
 Preserv'd the isles, and rul'd the sea.

But, oh! 'twas little that her life  
 O'er earth and water bears thy fame;  
 In death 'twas worthy William's wife  
 Amidst the stars to fix his name.

Beyond where matter moves, or place  
 Receives its forms, thy virtues roll;  
 From Mary's glory angels trace  
 The beauty of her partner's soul.

Wise Fate, which does its heaven decree  
 To heroes, when they yield their breath,  
 Hastens thy triumph: half of thee  
 Is deified before thy death.

Alone to thy renown 'tis giv'n  
 Unbounded through all worlds to go;  
 While she, great saint, rejoices Heav'n,  
 And thou sustain'st the orb below.

---

TO MR. HUGH HOWARD,  
 THE PAINTER<sup>1</sup>.

DEAR Howard, from the soft assaults of love  
 Poets and painters never are secure;  
 Can I, untouch'd, the fair-ones' passions move,  
 Or thou draw beauty, and not feel its pow'r?

<sup>1</sup> This artist is better known by these beautiful verses (said Lord Orford) than by his own works. He was the son of Ralph Howard, M.D. and was born at Dublin in 1675, and died in London, March 7, 1737. *Anecd. of Painting.*

To great Apelles when young Ammon brought  
The darling idol of his captive heart,  
And the pleas'd nymph, with kind attention, sat  
To have her charms recorded by his art ;

The amorous master own'd her potent eyes,  
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembled as he drew ;  
Each flowing line confirm'd his first surprise,  
And as the piece advanc'd, the passion grew.

While Philip's son, while Venus' son, was near,  
What different tortures does his bosom feel ?  
Great was the rival, and the god severe ;  
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durst reveal.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,  
With pity saw the ill-conceal'd distress ;  
Quitted his title to Campaspe's charms,  
And gave the fair-one to the friend's embrace.

Thus the more beauteous Chloe sat to thee,  
Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art ;  
But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,  
And flames, that pierc'd thy predecessor's heart.

Had thy poor breast receiv'd an equal pain,  
Had I been vested with the monarch's pow'r,  
Thou must have sigh'd, unlucky youth, in vain,  
Nor from my bounty hadst thou found a cure.

Though, to convince thee that the friend did feel  
A kind concern for thy ill-fated care ;  
I would have sooth'd the flame I could not heal,  
Giv'n thee the world, though I withheld the fair.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF  
**THE HON. COLONEL GEORGE VILLIERS,**  
 DROWNED IN THE RIVER PIAVA,  
*In the country of Friuli, 1703.*

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, LIB. I. ODE 23.

Te maris et terræ numeroque carentis arenæ  
 Mensorem cohibent, Archyta, &c.

SAY, dearest Villiers, poor departed friend,  
 (Since fleeting life thus suddenly must end)  
 Say, what did all thy busy hopes avail,  
 That anxious thou from pole to pole didst sail,  
 Ere on thy chin the springing beard began  
 To spread a doubtful down, and promise man?  
 What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,  
 In vigour more confirm'd, and riper years?  
 To wake ere morning-dawn to loud alarms,  
 And march till close of night in heavy arms;  
 To scorn the summer's suns and winter's snows,  
 And search, through every clime, thy country's foes?  
 That thou might'st Fortune to thy side engage, }  
 That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's rage, }  
 And Anna's bounty crown her soldier's hoary age? }  
 In vain we think that free-will'd man has pow'r  
 To hasten or protract the' appointed hour:  
 Our term of life depends not on our deed:  
 Before our birth our funeral was decreed.

Nor awed by foresight, nor misled by chance,  
 Imperious Death directs his ebon lance,  
 Peoples great Henry's tombs, and leads up Hol-  
 bein's dance. }

Alike must ev'ry state, and ev'ry age,  
 Sustain the universal tyrant's rage ;  
 For neither William's pow'r nor Mary's charms  
 Could or repel or pacify his arms.  
 Young Churchill <sup>1</sup> fell as life began to bloom,  
 And Bradford's <sup>2</sup> trembling age expects the tomb.  
 Wisdom and Eloquence in vain would plead  
 One moment's respite for the learned head ;  
 Judges of writings and of men have died ;  
 Mecænas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde ;  
 And, in their various turns, their sons must tread  
 'Those gloomy journies which their sires have led.

The ancient sage, who did so long maintain  
 That bodies die but souls return again,  
 With all the births and deaths he had in store,  
 Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.  
 And modern Asgyll <sup>3</sup>, whose capricious thought  
 Is yet with stores of wilder notions fraught,  
 'Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting breath  
 Which play'd so idly with the darts of Death.

Some from the stranded vessel force their way ;  
 Fearful of fate, they meet it in the sea :  
 Some, who escape the fury of the wave,  
 Sicken on earth, and sink into a grave.

<sup>1</sup> The only son of John Duke of Marlborough, who died in 1702, aged 16.

<sup>2</sup> Francis Newport, Earl of Bradford, died Sept. 19, 1708.

<sup>3</sup> John Asgyll, Esq. a lawyer of some eminence, and M. P. for Bramber in Sussex. He died Nov. 10, 1738, in the King's Bench.

In journeys or at home, in war or peace ;  
 By hardships many, many fall by ease.  
 Each changing season does its poison bring,  
 Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring:  
 Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,  
 All act subservient to the tyrant's pow'r ;  
 And when obedient Nature knows his will,  
 A fly, a grape-stone, or a hair, can kill.  
 For restless Proserpine for ever treads,  
 In paths unseen, o'er our devoted heads,  
 And on the spacious land and liquid main  
 Spreads slow disease, or darts afflictive pain :  
 Variety of deaths confirms her endless reign. }

On curs'd Piava's banks the goddess stood,  
 Show'd her dire warrant to the rising flood,  
 When what I long must love, and long must mourn,  
 With fatal speed was urging his return,  
 In his dear country to disperse his care,  
 And arm himself by rest for future war ;  
 To chide his anxious friends' officious fears,  
 And promise to their joys his elder years.

Oh! destin'd head ; and, oh! severe decree,  
 Nor native country thou, nor friend, shalt see ;  
 Nor war hast thou to wage, nor year to come,  
 Impending death is thine, and instant doom.

Hark ! the imperious goddess is obey'd ;  
 Winds murmur, snows descend, and waters spread :  
 Oh! kinsman, friend—' Oh! vain are all the cries  
 Of human voice, (strong Destiny replies :)  
 Weep you on earth, for he shall sleep below ;  
 'Thence none return, and thither all must go.'

Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or business leads  
 To this sad river, or the neighbouring meads,

If thou may'st happen on the dreary shores  
To find the object which this verse deplores ;  
Cleanse the pale corpse, with a religious hand,  
From the polluting weed and common sand :  
Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave,  
(The only honour he can now receive)  
And fragrant mould upon his body throw, }  
And plant the warrior laurel o'er his brow ; }  
Light lie the earth, and flourish green the bough. }

So may just Heaven secure thy future life  
From foreign dangers and domestic strife ;  
And when the' infernal Judge's dismal pow'r  
From the dark urn shall throw thy destin'd hour ;  
When, yielding to the sentence, breathless thou,  
And pale, shalt lie, as what thou buriest now,  
May some kind friend the piteous object see,  
And equal rites perform to that which once was  
thee.



HUMBLY INSCRIBED

*TO THE QUEEN,*

ON THE

GLORIOUS SUCCESS OF HER MAJESTY'S ARMS, 1706.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE.

---

**PREFACE.**

WHEN I first thought of writing upon this occasion, I found the ideas so great and numerous, that I judged them more proper for the warmth of an Ode, than for any other sort of poetry: I therefore set Horace before me for a pattern, and particularly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth Book,

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

which he wrote in praise of Drusus after his expedition into Germany, and of Augustus upon his happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, though I have endeavoured to imitate all the great strokes of that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as the subject and my own imagination carried me. As to the style, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin, determined me in English to the stanza; and herein it was impossible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman Spenser; which I have done (as well, at least, as I could) in the manner of my expression and the turn of my number, having only added one verse to his stanza,

which I thought made the number more harmonious, and avoided such of his words as I found too obsolete. I have, however, retained some few of them, to make the colouring look more like Spenser's. Behest, command; band, army; prowess, strength; I weet, I know; I ween, I think; whilom, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my muse less handsome, though for once she appears in a farthingale. I have also, in Spenser's manner, used Cæsar, for the Emperor; Boya, for Bavaria; Bavar, for that prince; Ister for Danube; Iberia, for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the ode which I just now mentioned,

*Gens quæ cremato fortis ab Illo,  
Jactata Tuscis æquoribus, &c.*

where Horace praises the Romans, as being descended from Æneas; I have turned to the honour of the British nation, descended from Brute, likewise a Trojan. That this Brute, fourth or fifth from Æneas, settled in England, and built London, which he called Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a story which (I think) owes its original if not to Geoffry of Monmouth, at least to the Monkish writers, yet is not rejected by our great Camden, and is told by Milton, as if (at least) he was pleased with it, though possibly he does not believe it; however, it carries a poetical authority, which is sufficient for our purpose. It is as certain that Brute came into England as that Æneas went into Italy; and upon the supposition of these facts, Virgil wrote the best poem that the world ever

read, and Spenser paid Queen Elizabeth the greatest compliment.

I need not obviate one piece of criticism, that I bring my hero

From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood :

whereas he was not born when that city was destroyed. Virgil, in the case of his own Æneas, relating to Dido, will stand as a sufficient proof that a man, in his poetical capacity, is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

My two great examples, Horace and Spenser, in many things resemble each other: both have a height of imagination, and a majesty of expression in describing the sublime; and both know to temper those talents, and sweeten the description, so as to make it lovely as well as pompous; both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their story, and that *curiosa felicitas* in the choice of their diction which every writer aims at, and so very few have reached: both are particularly fine in their images, and knowing in their numbers. Leaving, therefore, our two masters to the consideration and study of those who design to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitted Parnassus, and all the flowery roads on that side the country; though I thought myself indispensably obliged, upon the present occasion, to take a little journey into those parts.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED  
**TO THE QUEEN.**

Te non paventis funera Galliz,  
 Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ :  
 Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri  
 Compositis venerantur armis.

HOR.

WHEN great Augustus govern'd ancient Rome,  
 And sent his conquering bands to foreign wars;  
 Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home,  
 He saw his fame increasing with his years;  
 Horace, great bard (so Fate ordain'd) arose,  
 And bold as were his countrymen in fight,  
 Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading prose,  
 And set their battles in eternal light:  
 High as their trumpets' tune his lyre he strung,  
 And with his prince's arms he moraliz'd his song.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's state,  
 Widely distributing her high commands,  
 And boldly wise, and fortunately great,  
 Freed the glad nations from tyrannic bands;  
 An equal genius was in Spenser found;  
 To the high theme he match'd his noble lays;  
 He travell'd England o'er on fairy ground,  
 In mystic notes to sing his monarch's praise:  
 Reciting wondrous truths in pleasing dreams,  
 He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams.

But, greatest Anna! while thy arms pursue  
 Paths of renown, and climb ascents of fame,  
 Which nor Augustus nor Eliza knew,  
 What poet shall be found to sing thy name?

What numbers shall record, what tongue shall say  
Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main?  
O fairest model of imperial sway!  
What equal pen shall write thy wondrous reign?  
Who shall attempts and feats of arms rehearse,  
Not yet by story told, nor parallel'd by verse?

Me all too mean for such a task I weet;  
Yet if the sovereign Lady deigns to smile,  
I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,  
And clothe the verse in Spenser's native style.  
By these examples rightly taught to sing,  
And smit with pleasure of my country's praise,  
Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,  
High as Olympus I my flight will raise;  
And latest times shall in my numbers read [deed.  
Anna's immortal fame, and Marlborough's hardy

As the strong eagle in the silent wood,  
Mindless of warlike rage and hostile care,  
Plays round the rocky cliff or crystal flood,  
Till by Jove's high behests call'd out to war;  
And charg'd with thunder of his angry king,  
His bosom with the vengeful message glows;  
Upward the noble bird directs his wing,  
And towering round his master's earth-born foes,  
Swift he collects his fatal stock of ire,  
Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire.

Sedate and calm, thus victor Marlborough sate,  
Shaded with laurels, in his native land,  
Till Anna calls him from his soft retreat,  
And gives her second thunder to his hand:  
Then leaving sweet repose and gentle ease,  
With ardent speed he seeks the distant foe;  
Marching o'er hills and dales, o'er rocks and seas,  
He meditates, and strikes the wondrous blow.

Our thought flies slower than our General's fame ;  
Grasps he the bolt ? (we ask) when he has hurl'd  
the flame.

When fierce Bavar on Judoign's spacious plain  
Did from afar the British chief behold,  
Betwixt despair, and rage, and hope, and pain,  
Something within his warring bosom roll'd :  
He views that favourite of indulgent Fame,  
Whom whilom he had met on Ister's shore ;  
Too well, alas ! the man he knows the same  
Whose prowess there repell'd the Boyan pow'r,  
And sent them trembling through the frighted lands,  
Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's scatter'd  
sands.

His former losses he forgets to grieve ;  
Absolves his fate if, with a kinder ray,  
It now would shine, and only give him leave  
To balance the account of Blenheim's day :  
So the fell lion in the lonely glade,  
His side still smarting with the hunter's spear,  
Though deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd,  
Roars terrible, and meditates new war ;  
In sullen fury traverses the plain,  
To find the venturous foe, and battle him again.

Misguided prince, no longer urge thy fate,  
Nor tempt the hero to unequal war ;  
Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,  
Confess the force of Marlborough's stronger star.  
Those laurel groves (the merits of thy youth)  
Which thou from Mahomet <sup>1</sup> didst greatly gain ;

<sup>1</sup> The Elector of Bavaria had formerly acquired great reputation by the success of his arms against the Turks, particularly in compelling them to raise the Siege of Vienna, in 1683.

While, bold assertor of resistless truth,  
 Thy sword did godlike Liberty maintain ;  
 Must from thy brow their falling honours shed,  
 And their transplanted wreaths must deck a  
       worthier head.

Yet cease the ways of Providence to blame,  
 And human faults with human grief confess ;  
 'Tis thou art chang'd, while Heaven is still the same ;  
 From thy ill councils date thy ill success :  
 Impartial Justice holds her equal scales,  
 Till stronger Virtue does the weight incline ;  
 If over thee thy glorious foe prevails,  
 He now defends the cause that once was thine.  
 Righteous the war, the champion shall subdue,  
 For Jove's great handmaid, Power, must Jove's  
       decrees pursue.

Hark ! the dire trumpets sound their shrill alarms !  
 Auverquerque<sup>2</sup>, branch'd from the renown'd Nas-  
 Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms, [saus,  
 His glorious sword with dauntless courage draws.  
 When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord,  
 And all of William that was mortal died,  
 The faithful hero had receiv'd this sword  
 From his expiring master's much-lov'd side :  
 Oft from its fatal ire has Louis flown, [run.  
 Where'er great William led, or Maese and Sambre

But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour  
 To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy justest fear,  
 The master-sword, disposer of thy power :  
 'Tis that which Cæsar gave the British peer.

<sup>2</sup> Monsieur Auverquerque, in 1704, was appointed to the command of the Dutch forces, and had been in great favour with King William.

He took the gift: ' Nor ever will I sheath  
This steel, so Anna's high behests ordain,  
(The General said) unless by glorious death  
Absolv'd, till conquest has confirm'd your reign.'  
Returns like these our mistress bids us make,  
When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take.

And now fierce Gallia rushes on her foes,  
Her force augmented by the Boyau hands;  
So Volga's stream, increas'd by mountain snows,  
Rolls with new fury down through Russia's lands.  
Like two great rocks against the raging tide  
(If Virtue's force with Nature's we compare)  
Unniov'd the two united chiefs abide,  
Sustain the impulse, and receive the war:  
Round their firm sides in vain the tempest beats,  
And still the foaming wave with lessen'd power re-  
treats.

The rage dispers'd, the glorious pair advance,  
With mingled anger and collected might,  
To turn the war, and tell aggressing France  
How Britain's sons and Britain's friends can fight.  
On conquest fix'd, and covetous of fame,  
Behold them rushing through the Gallic host:  
Through standing corn so runs the sudden flame,  
Or eastern winds along Sicilia's coast.  
They deal their terrors to the adverse nation:  
Pale Death attends their arms, and ghastly Deso-  
lation.

But while with fiercest ire Bellona glows,  
And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate;  
While Britain presses her afflicted foes,  
What horror damps the strong, and quells the great?



Whence look the soldiers' cheeks dismay'd and pale?  
 Erst ever dreadful, know they now to dread?  
 The hostile troops, I ween, almost prevail,  
 And the pursuers only not recede.  
 Alas! their lessen'd rage proclaims their grief!  
 For anxious, lo! they crowd around their falling  
                   chief.

'I thank thee, Fate', exclaims the fierce Bavar;  
 Let Boya's trumpet grateful Iö's sound;  
 I saw him fall, their thunderbolt of war:—  
 Ever to Vengeance sacred be the ground.—  
 Vain wish! short joy! the hero mounts again  
 In greater glory and with fuller light;  
 The evening star so falls into the main,  
 To rise at morn more prevalently bright:  
 He rises safe, but near, too near his side,  
 A good man's grievous loss, a faithful servant died<sup>3</sup>.  
 Propitious Mars! the battle is regain'd;  
 The foe with lessen'd wrath disputes the field:  
 The Briton fights, by favouring gods sustain'd;  
 Freedom must live, and lawless power must yield.  
 Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,  
 That wavering Conquest still desires to rove!  
 In Marlborough's camp the goddess knows to dwell;  
 Long as the hero's life remains her love.  
 Again France flies, again the Duke pursues,  
 And on Ramillia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.  
 Great thanks, O Captain great in arms! receive  
 From thy triumphant country's public voice;  
 Thy country greater thanks can only give  
 To Anne, to her who made those arms her choice.

<sup>3</sup> This was Col. Bingsfield, who lost his life by a cannon shot, as he was holding the stirrup of the Duke's horse, while his Grace remounted.

Recording Schellenberg's <sup>4</sup> and Blenheim's toils,  
We dreaded lest thou shouldst those toils repeat ;  
We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallic spoils,  
And in those spoils we thought thy praise complete :  
For never Greek we deem'd, nor Roman knight,  
In characters like these did e'er his acts indite.

Yet, mindless still of ease, thy virtue flies  
A pitch, to old and modern times unknown :  
Those goodly deeds, which we so highly prize,  
Imperfect seem, great Chief, to thee alone. [staid,  
Those heights, where William's virtue might have  
And on the subject world look'd safely down,  
By Marlborough pass'd, the props and steps were  
Sublimer yet to raise his Queen's renown : [laid,  
Still gaining more, still slighting what he gain'd,  
Nought done the hero deem'd while aught undone  
remain'd.

When swift-wing'd Rumour told the mighty Gaul  
How lessen'd from the field Bavar was fled ;  
He wept the swiftness of the champion's fall,  
And thus the royal treaty-breaker said :  
And lives he yet, the great, the lost Bavar,  
Ruin to Gallia in the name of friend ?  
Tell me how far has Fortune been severe ?  
Has the foe's glory, or our grief, an end ?  
Remains there, of the fifty thousand lost, [coast ?  
To save our threaten'd realm, or guard our shatter'd  
To the close rock the frighted raven flies,  
Soon as the rising eagle cuts the air ;  
The shaggy wolf unseen and trembling lies,  
When the hoarse roar proclaims the lion near.

<sup>4</sup> At Schellenberg the Duke of Marlborough gained a complete victory over 16000 Bavarians.

I'll-starr'd did we our forts and lines forsake,  
To dare our British foes to open fight ;  
Our conquest we by stratagem should make ;  
Our triumph had been founded in our flight.  
'Tis ours by craft and by surprise to gain ;  
'Tis theirs to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.

The ancient father of this hostile brood,  
Their boasted Brute, undaunted snatch'd his gods  
From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,  
And fix'd on silver Thames his dire abodes ;  
' And this be Troynovant, (he said) the seat  
By Heav'n ordain'd, my sons, your lasting place :  
Superior here to all the bolts of Fate  
Live, mindful of the author of your race,  
Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor flame,  
Nor great Peleides' arm, nor Juno's rage could tame.

Their Tudors hence, and Stuart's offspring flow ;  
Hence Edward, dreadful with his sable shield,  
Talbot, to Gallia's power eternal foe,  
And Seymour, fam'd in council or in field ;  
Hence Nevil, great to settle or dethrone,  
And Drake, and Ca'ndish, terrors of the sea ;  
Hence Butler's sons, o'er land and ocean known,  
Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny ;  
Hence the long roll which Gallia should conceal,  
For, oh ! who, vanquish'd, loves the victor's fame  
to tell ?

Envied Britannia, sturdy as the oak  
Which on her mountain-top she proudly bears,  
Eludes the axe, and sprouts against the stroke,  
Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars :

And as those teeth which Cadmes sow'd in earth  
 Produc'd new youth, and furnish'd fresh supplies;  
 So with young vigour, and succeeding birth,  
 Her losses more than recompens'd arise,  
 And every age she with a race is crown'd  
 For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

Obstinate power, whom nothing can repel,  
 Not the fierce Saxon nor the cruel Dane,  
 Nor deep impression of the Norman steel,  
 Nor Europe's force amass'd by envious Spain,  
 Nor France on universal sway intent,  
 Oft breaking leagues, and oft renewing wars,  
 Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)  
 Their own intestine feuds and mutual jars;  
 Those feuds and jars, in which I trusted more  
 Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic  
 pow'r.

To fruitful Rheims' or fair Lutetia's gate<sup>5</sup>  
 What tidings shall the messenger convey?  
 Shall the loud herald our success relate,  
 Or mitred priest appoint the solemn day?  
 Alas! my praises they no more must sing;  
 They to my statue now must bow no more:  
 Broken, repuls'd, is their immortal king:  
 Fall'n, fall'n for ever is the Gallic pow'r—  
 The Woman-chief is master of the war:  
 Earth she has freed by arms, and vanquish'd Hea-  
 ven by pray'r,

While thus the ruin'd foe's despair commends  
 Thy council and thy deed victorious Queen,  
 What shall thy subjects say, and what thy friends:  
 How shall thy triumphs in our joy be seen?

<sup>5</sup> The gate of Paris.

Oh! deign to let the eldest of the Nine  
 Recite Britannia great, and Gallia free;  
 Oh! with her sister Sculpture let her join  
 To raise, great Anne, the monument to thee;  
 To thee, of all our good the sacred spring;  
 To thee, our dearest dread; to thee, our softer King.

Let Europe, sav'd, the column high erect,  
 Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's,  
 Where sembling art may carve the fair effect,  
 And full achievement of thy great designs.  
 In a calm heaven, and a serener air,  
 Sublime the Queen shall on the summit stand,  
 From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,  
 And pointing down to earth her dread command:  
 All winds, all storms, that threaten human woe,  
 Shall sink beneath her feet, and spread their rage  
 below.

There fleets shall strive, by winds and waters tost,  
 Till the young Austrian on Iberia's strand,  
 Great as Æneas on the Latian coast,  
 Shall fix his foot: 'and this, be this the land,  
 Great Jove, where I for ever will remain,  
 (The empire's other hope shall say) and here  
 Vanquish'd, intomb'd I'll lie; or crown'd, I'll reign—  
 O Virtue, to thy British Mother dear!  
 Like the fam'd Trojan suffer and abide;  
 For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide.  
 There, in eternal characters engrav'd,  
 Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelone<sup>6</sup>,  
 Their force destroy'd, their privileges sav'd,  
 Shall Anna's terrors and her mercies own:

<sup>6</sup> Vigo was taken by the Duke of Ormond and Sir George Rooke in 1702; Gibraltar, by Sir George Rooke in 1704: and Barcelona, by the Prince of Hesse and the Earl of Peterborough in 1705.



And standards with distinguish'd honours bright,  
Marks of high power and national command;  
Which Valois' sons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,  
Or gave to Foix' or Montmorancy's hand :  
Great spoils, which Gallia must to Britain yield,  
From Cressy's battle sav'd, to grace Ramillia's field.

And as fine art the spaces may dispose,  
The knowing thought and curious eye shall see  
Thy emblem, gracious Queen, the British Rose,  
Type of sweet rule and gentle majesty ;  
The northern Thistle, whom no hostile hand,  
Unhurt, too rudely may provoke <sup>7</sup>, I ween ;  
Hibernia's Harp, device of her command,  
And parent of her mirth, shall there be seen :  
Thy vanquish'd lilies, France, decay'd and torn,  
Shall with disorder'd pomp the lasting work adorn.

Beneath, great Queen, oh! very far beneath,  
Near to the ground, and on the humble base,  
To save herself from darkness and from death,  
That Muse desires the last, the lowest place ;  
Who, though unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling  
string.

For the fair fame of Anne and Albion's land ;  
Who durst of war and martial fury sing ;  
And when thy will, and when thy subjects' hand  
Had quell'd those wars, and bid that fury cease ;  
Hangs up her grateful harp to conquest and to peace.

<sup>7</sup> Alluding apparently to the motto round the order of the Thistle. *Nemo me impune lacessit.*

**TO MR. HARLEY,**  
**WOUNDED BY GUISCARD, 1711.**

————— ab ipso  
 Ducit opes animumque ferro.

HOR.

**IN** one great Now, superior to an age,  
 The full extremes of Nature's force we find;  
 How heavenly virtue can exalt, or rage  
 Infernal how degrade the human mind.

While the fierce Mouk does at his trial stand,  
 He chews revenge, abjuring his offence;  
 Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,  
 He stabs his judge to prove his innocence.

The guilty stroke and torture of the steel  
 Infix'd, our dauntless Briton scarce perceives;  
 The wounds his country from his death must feel  
 The patriot views; for those alone he grieves.

The barbarous rage that durst attempt thy life,  
 Harley! great counsellor, extends thy fame;  
 And the sharp point of cruel Guiscard's knife,  
 In brass and marble carves thy deathless name.

<sup>1</sup> Guiscard was a spy employed by the court of France; and being apprehended, endeavoured to assassinate Mr. Harley (afterwards Earl of Oxford) while his deposition was taking before the privy council.



Faithful assertor of thy country's cause,  
 Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious wound ;  
 She for thy safety shall enlarge her laws,  
 And in her statutes shall thy worth be found.

Yet midst her sighs she triumphs, on the land  
 Reflecting, that diffus'd the public woe ;  
 A stranger to her altars and her land,  
 No son of her's could meditate this blow.

Meantime thy pain is gracious Anna's care :  
 Our Queen, our saint, with sacrificing breath  
 Softens thy anguish: in her powerful pray'r  
 She pleads thy service, and forbids thy death.

Great as thou art, thou canst demand no more,  
 O breast bewail'd by earth, preserv'd by Heav'n !  
 No higher can aspiring virtue soar ;  
 Enough to thee of grief and fame is giv'n.

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IN IMITATION OF

*HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.*

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1692.

How long, deluded Albion, wilt thou lie  
 In the lethargic sleep, the sad repose,  
 By which thy close, thy constant enemy  
 Has softly lull'd thee to thy woes ?  
 Or wake, degenerate Isle, or cease to own  
 What thy old kings in Gallic camps have done ;  
 The spoils they brought thee back, the crowns they  
 won.

William (so Fate requires) again is arm'd ; .  
Thy father to the field is gone :  
Again Maria weeps her absent lord,  
For thy repose content to rule alone.  
Are thy enervate sons not yet alarm'd ?  
When William fights, dare they look tamely on,  
So slow to get their ancient fame restor'd, [sword ?  
As not to melt at Beauty's tears, nor follow Valour's

See the repenting Isle awakes,  
Her vicious chains the generous goddess breaks ;  
The fogs around her temples are dispell'd ;  
Abroad she looks, and sees arm'd Belgia stand  
Prepar'd to meet their common lord's command,  
Her Lion roaring by her side, her arrows in her  
hand,

And, blushing to have been so long with-held,  
Weeps off her crime, and hastens to the field :  
Henceforth her youth shall be inur'd to bear  
Hazardous toil and active war ;  
To march beneath the dog-star's raging heat,  
Patient of summer's drought, and martial sweat,  
And only grieve in winter camps to find  
Its days too short for labours they design'd :  
All night beneath hard heavy arms to watch,  
All day to mount the trench, to storm the breach,  
And all the rugged paths to tread,  
Where William and his virtue lead.

Silence is the soul of war ;  
Deliberate counsel must prepare  
The mighty work which valour must complete :  
Thus William rescues, thus preserves the state,  
Thus teaches us to think and dare ;

As, whilst his cannon just prepar'd to breathe  
Avenging anger, and swift death,  
In the tried metal the close dangers glow,  
And now, too late, the dying foe  
Perceives the flame, yet cannot ward the blow;  
So whilst in William's breast ripe counsels lie,  
Secret and sure as brooding Fate,  
No more of his design appears  
Than what awakens Gallia's fears,  
And (though Guilt's eye can sharply penetrate)  
Distracted Lewis can descry  
Only a long unmeasur'd ruin nigh.

On Norman coasts, and banks of frighted Seine,  
Lo! the impending storms begin;  
Britannia safely through her master's sea  
Ploughs up her victorious way:  
The French Salmonéus throws his bolts in vain,  
Whilst the true thunderer asserts the main.  
'Tis done! to shelves and rocks his fleets retire,  
Swift victory, in vengeful flames,  
Burns down the pride of their presumptuous names:  
They run to shipwreck to avoid our fire,  
And the torn vessels that regain their coast,  
Are but sad marks to show the rest are lost.  
All this the mild, the beauteous Queen has done,  
And William's softer half shakes Lewis' throne.  
Maria does the sea command,  
Whilst Gallia flies her husband's arm by land.  
So, the sun absent, with full sway the moon  
Governs the isles, and rules the waves alone;  
So Juno thunders when her Jove is gone.  
Iô, Britannia! loose thy ocean's chains,  
Whilst Russel strikes the blow thy Queen ordains.

Thus rescu'd, thus rever'd, for ever stand,  
 And bless the counsel, and reward the hand.  
 Io Britannia! thy Maria reigns.

From Mary's conquests, and the rescued main,  
 Let France look forth to Sambre's armed shore,  
 And boast her joy for William's death<sup>1</sup> no more.  
 He lives, let France confess the victor lives :  
 Her triumphs for his death were vain,  
 And spoke her terror of his life too plain.  
 The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh  
 In which that one<sup>2</sup> of Lewis' many wives  
 Who, by the baleful force of guilty charms,  
 Has long enthrall'd him in her wither'd arms,  
 Shall o'er the plains from distant towers on high  
 Cast around her mournful eye,  
 And with prophetic sorrow cry,  
 ' Why does my ruin'd Lord retard his flight ?  
 Why does despair provoke his age to fight ?  
 As well the wolf may venture to engage  
 The angry lion's generous rage,  
 The ravenous vulture, and the bird of night,  
 As safely tempt the stooping eagle's flight,  
 As Lewis to unequal arms defy  
 Yon hero crown'd with blooming victory,  
 Just triumphing o'er rebel rage restrain'd,  
 And yet unbreath'd from battles gain'd.  
 See! all yon dusty fields quite cover'd o'er

<sup>1</sup> King William being slightly wounded by a cannon-ball at the battle of the Boyne, a report reached France that he was killed, upon which, says Bishop Burnet, there were more public rejoicings, than had been usual at their greatest victories.

<sup>2</sup> Madame Maintenon.

With hostile troops, and Orange at their head;  
Orange, destin'd to complete  
The great designs of labouring Fate;  
Orange, the name that tyrants dread:  
He comes, our ruin'd empire is no more;  
Down, like the Persian, goes the Gallic throne;  
Darius flies, young Ammon urges on.

Now from the dubious battle's mingled heat  
Let Fear look back, and stretch her hasty wing,  
Impatient to secure a base retreat;  
Let the pale coward leave his wounded king,  
For the vile privilege to breathe,  
To live with shame in dread of glorious death!  
In vain; for Fate has swifter wings than Fear,  
She follows hard, and strikes him in the rear;  
Dying and mad the traitor bites the ground,  
His back transfix'd with a dishonest wound;  
Whilst through the fiercest troops and thickest press  
Virtue carries on success;  
Whilst equal Heaven guards the distinguish'd brave,  
And armies cannot hurt whom angels save.

Virtue to verse immortal lustre gives;  
Each by the other's mutual friendship lives;  
Æneas suffer'd, and Achilles fought;  
The hero's acts enlarg'd the poet's thought,  
Or Virgil's majesty, and Homer's rage,  
Had ne'er like lasting Nature vanquish'd age.  
Whilst Lewis then his rising terror drowns  
With drums' alarms and trumpets' sounds;  
Whilst hid in arm'd retreats and guarded towns,  
From danger as from honour far,  
He bribes close Murder against open War,

In vain you Gallic Muses strive  
With labour'd verse to keep his fame alive ;  
Your mouldering monuments in vain you raise  
On the weak basis of the tyrant's praise ;  
Your songs are sold, your numbers are profane ;  
'Tis incense to an idol giv'n,  
Meat offer'd to Prometheus' man  
That had no soul from Heav'n.  
Against his will you chain your frightened king  
On rapid Rhine's divided bed,  
And mock your hero, whilst ye sing  
The wounds for which he never bled ;  
Falsehood does poison on your praise diffuse,  
And Lewis' fear gives death to Boileau's muse.

On its own worth true majesty is rear'd,  
And virtue is her own reward :  
With solid beams and native glory bright,  
She neither darkness dreads, nor covets light,  
True to herself, and fix'd to in-born laws,  
Nor sunk by spite, nor lifted by applause ;  
She from her settled orb looks calmly down  
On life or death, a prison or a crown.  
When bound in double chains poor Belgia lay,  
To foreign arms and inward strife a prey ;  
Whilst one good man buoy'd up her sinking state,  
And virtue labour'd against Fate ;  
When Fortune basely with Ambition join'd,  
And all was conquer'd but the patriot's mind ;  
When storms let loose, and raging seas,  
Just ready the torn vessel to o'erwhelm,  
Forc'd not the faithful pilot from his helm ;  
Nor all the Siren songs of future peace,

And dazzling prospect of a promis'd crown,  
Could lure his stubborn virtue down ;  
But against charms, and threats, and hell, he stood,  
To that which was severely good ;  
Then had no trophies justified his fame,  
No poet bless'd his song with Nassau's name ;  
Virtue alone did all that honour bring,  
And Heaven as plainly pointed out the King,  
As when he at the altar stood  
In all his types and robes of pow'er,  
Whilst at his feet religious Britain bow'd,  
And own'd him next to what we there adore.

Say, joyful Maese, and Boyne's victorious flood,  
(For each has mix'd his waves with royal blood)  
When William's armies past, did he retire,  
Or view from far the battle's distant fire ?  
Could he believe his person was too dear ?  
Or use his greatness to conceal his fear ?  
Could prayers or sighs the dauntless hero move ?  
Arm'd with Heaven's justice and his people's love,  
Through the first waves he wing'd his vent'rous way,  
And on the adverse shore arose,  
(Ten thousand flying deaths in vain oppose.)  
Like the great ruler of the day,  
With strength and swiftness mounting from the sea,  
Like him all day he toil'd, but long in night  
The god has eas'd his wearied light,  
Ere vengeance left the stubborn foes,  
Or William's labours found repose.  
When his troops falter'd, stept not he between ?  
Restor'd the dubious fight again ;  
Mark'd out the coward that durst fly,  
And led the fainting brave to Victory ?

Still as she fled him, did he not o'ertake  
Her doubtful course, and brought her bleeding back?  
By his keen sword did not the boldest fall?  
Was he not king, commander, soldier, all—  
His dangers such as with becoming dread  
His subjects yet unborn shall weep to read;  
And were not those the only days that e'er  
The pious prince refus'd to hear  
His friends' advices, or his subjects' pray'r?

Where'er old Rhine his fruitful water turns,  
Or fills his vassals' tributary urns,  
To Belgia's sav'd dominions and the sea,  
Whose righted waves rejoice in William's sway,  
Is there a town where children are not taught,  
Here Holland prosper'd, for here Orange fought?  
Through rapid waters, and through flying fire,  
Here rush'd the Prince, here made whole France  
By different nations be his valour bless'd, [retire.  
In different languages confess'd,  
And then let Shannon speak the rest:  
Let Shannon speak low, on her wondering shore,  
When conquest hovering on his arms did wait,  
And only ask'd some lives to bribe her o'er;  
The godlike man, the more than conqueror,  
With high contempt sent back the specious bait,  
And scorning glory at a price too great,  
With so much power such piety did join,  
As made a perfect virtue soar  
A pitch unknown to man before,  
And lifted Shannon's waves o'er those of Boyne.

Nor do his subjects only share  
The prosperous fruits of his indulgent reign;  
His enemies approve the pious war  
Which, with their weapon, takes away their chain:



More than his sword his goodness strikes his foes ;  
They bless his arms, and sigh they must oppose.  
Justice and freedom on his conquests wait,  
And 'tis for man's delight that he is great :  
Succeeding times shall with long joy contend  
If he were more a victor or a friend :  
So much his courage and his mercy strive,  
He wounds to cure, and conquers to forgive.

Ye heroes ! who have fought your country's cause,  
Redress'd her injuries, or form'd her laws,  
To my adventurous song just witness bear,  
Assist the pious Muse, and hear her swear,—  
That 'tis no poet's thought, no flight of youth,  
But solid story and severest truth,  
That William treasures up a greater name  
Than any country, any age can boast ;  
And all that ancient stock of fame  
He did from his forefathers take,  
He has improv'd, and gives with interest back,  
And in his constellation does unite  
Their scatter'd rays of fairer light :  
Above or Envy's lash or Fortune's wheel,  
That settled glory shall for ever dwell  
Above the rolling orbs and common sky,  
Where nothing comes that e'er shall die.

Where roves the Muse ? where, thoughtless to re-  
Is her short-liv'd vessel borne [turn,  
By potent winds, too subject to be tost,  
And in the sea of William's praises lost ?  
Nor let her tempt that deep ; nor make the shore  
Where our abandon'd youth she sees  
Shipwreck'd in luxury and lost in ease ;

Whom nor Britannia's danger can alarm,  
Nor William's exemplary virtue warm :  
Tell them, howe'er, the King can yet forgive  
Their guilty sloth, their homage yet receive,  
And let their wounded honour live :  
But sure and sudden be their just remorse ;  
Swift be their virtue's rise, and strong its course ;  
For though for certain years and destin'd times  
Merit has lain confus'd with crimes,  
Though Jove seem'd negligent of human cares,  
Nor scourg'd our follies, nor return'd our pray'rs,  
His justice now demands the equal scales,  
Sedition is suppress'd, and truth prevails :  
Fate its great end by slow degrees attains,  
And Europe is redeem'd, and William reigns.

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### *CUPID'S PROMISE.*

PARAPHRASED FROM THE FRENCH.

SOFT Cupid, wanton, amorous boy,  
The other day, mov'd with my lyre,  
In flattering accents spoke his joy,  
And utter'd thus his fond desire :  
  
' Oh ! raise thy voice, one song I ask,  
Touch, then, the' harmonious string ;  
To Thyrsis easy is the task,  
Who can so sweetly play and sing.  
  
' Two kisses from my mother dear,  
Thyrsis, thy due reward shall be ;  
None, none, like Beauty's queen is fair ;  
Paris has vouch'd this truth for me.'

I straight replied, 'Thou know'st, alone,  
That brightest Chloe rules my breast;  
I'll sing thee two instead of one,  
If thou'lt be kind, and make me bless'd.

'One kiss from Chloe's lips, no more,  
I crave.'—He promis'd me success:  
I play'd with all my skill and pow'r,  
My glowing passion to express;—

But, oh! my Chloe, beauteous maid,  
Wilt thou the wish'd reward bestow?  
Wilt thou make good what Love has said,  
And, by thy grant, his power show?

# SONGS AND BALLADS.

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## THE THIEF AND CORDELIER.

### A BALLAD.

*To the tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.*

Who's e'er been at Paris must needs know the  
The fatal retreat of the' unfortunate brave, [*Greve*,  
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute  
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had  
put on, [begun ;  
And the hangman completes what the judge but  
There the' Squire of the Pad and the Knight of the  
Post, [more crost.

Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no  
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are  
known, [own ;  
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his  
But my hearers cry out, ' What a deuce dost thou  
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.' [ail ?  
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,  
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,  
A Norman, though late, was oblig'd to appear,  
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier?

Derry down, &c.

The Squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,  
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should begin,  
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,  
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.

Derry down, &c.

'What frightens you thus, my good son? (says the  
priest)

You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd.'

'O Father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon,  
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.'

Derry down, &c.

'Pugh! prythee ne'er trouble thy head with such  
fancies;

Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis;  
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,  
You have only to die; let the Church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

'And what will folks say if they see you afraid?

It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:

Courage, friend, for to-day is your period of sorrow,  
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.'

Derry down, &c.

'To-morrow! (our hero replied, in a fright,)

He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of  
to-night.'

[truss'd up,

'Tell your beads, (quoth the priest) and be fairly  
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.'

Derry down, &c.

‘ Alas ! quoth the ‘Squire, howe’er sumptuous the  
treat,

Parbleu, I shall have little stomach to eat ;  
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,  
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.’

Derry down, &c.

‘ That I would, (quoth the Father) and thank you  
to boot,

But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit :  
The feast I propos’d to you I cannot taste,  
For this night, by our Order, is mark’d for a fast.’

Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said,

‘ Dispatch me, I prythee, this troublesome blade ;  
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,  
And we live by the gold for which other men die.’

Derry down, &c.

## SONG.

In vain you tell your parting lover—  
You wish fair winds may waft him over :  
Alas ! what winds can happy prove,  
That bear me far from what I love ?  
Alas ! what dangers on the main  
Can equal those that I sustain,  
From slighted vows and cold disdain ?

Be gentle, and in pity choose  
To wish the wildest tempests loose,  
That, thrown again upon the coast  
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,  
I may once more repeat my pain ;  
Once more in dying notes complain  
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

*SUR LA PRISE DE NAMUR,*

PAR

LES ARMES DU ROI,

L' ANNEE 1692.

PAR MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

QUELLE docte et sainte yvresse  
Aujourd'hui me fait la loy ?  
Chastes nymphes du Permesse,  
N'est-ce pas vous que je voy ?  
Accourez, troupe sçavante :  
Des sons que ma lyre enfante ;  
Ces arbres sont réjouiis :  
Marquez en bien la cadence :  
Et vous, vents, faites silence :  
Je vais parler de Louis.

Dans ses chansons immortelles,  
Comme un aigle audacieux,  
Pindare étendant ses aisles,  
Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.  
Mais, ô ma fidele lyre,  
Si, dans l'ardeur qui m' inspire,  
Tu peux suivre mes transports ;  
Les chesnes des monts de Thrace  
N'ont rien ouï, que n'efface  
La douceur de tes accords.



*ENGLISH BALLAD.*

ON THE TAKING OF

NAMUR, BY THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1695 <sup>1</sup>.  
Dulce est desipere in loco.  


SOME folks are drunk, yet do not know it :  
So might not Bacchus give you law?  
Was it a muse, O lofty poet,  
Or virgin of Saint Cyr, you saw?  
Why all this fury? what's the matter,  
That oaks must come from Thrace to dance?  
Must stupid stocks be taught to flatter?  
And is there no such wood in France?  
Why must the winds all hold their tongue?  
If they a little breath should raise,  
Would that have spoil'd the poet's song,  
Or puff'd away the monarch's praise?  
Pindar, that eagle, mounts the skies,  
While Virtue leads the noble way;  
Too like a vulture Boileau flies,  
Where sordid interest shews the prey.  
When once the poet's honour ceases,  
From reason far his transports rove;  
And Boileau, for eight hundred pieces,  
Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.

<sup>1</sup> Namur was taken by the French in 1692, on which occasion Boileau composed his Pindaric; it was retaken by the English in 1695, when Prior executed his most happy burlesque parody.

Est-ce Apollon et Neptune,  
Qui sur ces rocs sourcilleux  
Ont, compagnons de fortune,  
Basti ces murs orgueilleux ?  
De leur enceinte fameuse  
La Sambre nnie à la Meuse,  
Defend le fatal abord ;  
Et par cent bouches horribles  
L'airain sur ces monts terribles  
Vomit le fer, et la mort.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides  
Les bordant de toutes parts,  
D' éclairs au loin homicides  
Font petiller leurs remparts :  
Et dans son sein infidele  
Par tout la terre y recele  
Un feu prest à s'élancer,  
Qui soudain perçant son goufre,  
Ouvre un sepulchre de soufre  
A quiconque ose avancer.

Namur, devant tes murailles  
Jadis la Grece eust vingt ans,  
Sans fruit veu les funeraïlles  
De ses plus siers combattans.  
Quelle effroyable puissance  
Anjourd'hui pourtant s'avance,  
Preste à foudroyer tes monts ?  
Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne ?  
C'est Jupiter en personne ;  
Ou c'est le vainqueur de Mons.

Neptune and Sol came from above,  
Shap'd like Megrigny and Vauban <sup>2</sup> ;  
They arm'd these rocks; then show'd old Jove  
Of Marli wood the wondrous plan.  
Such walls these three wise gods agreed,  
By human force could ne'er be shaken ;  
But you and I in Homer read  
Of gods, as well as men, mistaken.  
Sambre and Maese their waves may join,  
But ne'er can William's force restrain :  
He'll pass them both who pass'd the Boyne ;  
Remember this, and arm the Seine.

Full fifteen thousand lusty fellows,  
With fire and sword the fort maintain ;  
Each was a Hercules, you tell us,  
Yet out they march'd like common men.  
Cannons above, and mines below,  
Did death and tombs for foes contrive ;  
Yet matters have been order'd so,  
That most of us are still alive.

If Namur be compar'd to Troy,  
Then Britain's boys excell'd the Greeks ;  
Their siege did ten long years employ ;  
We've done our business in ten weeks.  
What godhead does so fast advance  
With dreadful power, those hills to gain?  
'Tis little Will, the scourge of France ;  
No godhead, but the first of men.  
His mortal arm exerts the power  
To keep even Mons's victor under <sup>3</sup> ;  
And that same Jupiter no more  
Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

<sup>2</sup> Two famous engineers.

<sup>3</sup> Mons surrendered to Louis XIV. April 10, 1691.

N'en doute point : c'est luy-même.  
Tout brille en luy ; tout est Roy.  
Dans Bruxelles Nassau blème  
Commence à trembler pour toy.  
En vain il voit le Batave,  
Desormais docile esclave,  
Rangé sous ses étendars :  
En vain au Lion Belgique  
Il voit l'Aigle Germanique  
Uni sous les Leopards.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,  
Dont ses sens sont agités,  
A son secours il appelle  
Les peuples les plus vantés.  
Ceux-là viennent du rivage,  
Ou s'enorgueillit le Tage  
De l'or, qui roule en ses eaux ;  
Ceux-ci des champs, où la neige  
Des marais de la Norvège  
Neuf mois couvre les roseaux.

Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre ?  
Sous les Jumeaux effrayés,  
Des froids torrens de Decembre  
Les champs par tout sont noyés.  
Cérés s'enfuit, éplorée  
De voir en proie à Borée

Our King thus trembles at Namur,  
Whilst Villeroy, who ne'er afraid is,  
To Bruxelles marches on secure,  
To bomb the monks and scare the ladies.  
After this glorious expedition,  
One battle makes the Marshal great ;  
He must perform the King's commission ;  
Who knows but Orange may retreat ?  
Kings are allow'd to feign the gout,  
Or be prevail'd with, not to fight ;  
And mighty Louis hop'd, no doubt,  
That William would preserve that right.

From Seine and Loire, to Rhone and Po,  
See every mother's son appear :  
In such a case ne'er blame a foe,  
If he betrays some little fear.  
He comes, the mighty Villeroy comes,  
Finds a small river in his way ;  
So waves his colours, beats his drums,  
And thinks it prudent there to stay.  
The Gallic troops breathe blood and war ;  
The Marshal cares not to march faster ;  
Poor Villeroy moves so slowly here  
We fancied all it was his master.

Will no kind flood, no friendly rain,  
Disguise the Marshal's plain disgrace ;  
No torrents swell the low Mehayne ?  
The world will say, he durst not pass.  
Why will no Hyades appear,  
Dear poet, on the banks of Sambre ?  
Just as they did that mighty year  
When you turn'd June into December.

Ses guerets d'epics chargés,  
Et sous les urnes fangeuses  
Des Hyades oragueses  
Tous ses trésors submergés.

Déployez toutes vos rages,  
Princes, vents, peuples, frimats ;  
Ramassez tous vos nuages ;  
Rassemblez tous vos soldats.  
Malgré vous Namur en poudre  
S'en va tomber sous la foudre  
Qui domta Lille, Courtray,  
Gand la superbe Espagnole,  
Saint Omer, Bezançon, Dole,  
Ypres, Maestricht, et Cambray.

Mes présages s'accomplissent ;  
Il commence à chanceler :  
Sous les coups qui retentissent  
Ses murs s'en vont s'écrouler.  
Mars en feu qui les domine,  
Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine ;  
Et les bombes dans les airs  
Allant chercher le tonnerre,  
Semblent tombant sur la terre,  
Vouloir s'ouvrir les enfers.

Accourez, Nassau, Baviere,  
De ces murs l'unique espoir ;  
A couvert d'une riviere  
Venez : vous pouvez tout voir.

The water-nymphs are, too, unkind  
 To Villeroy ; are the land-nymphs so ?  
 And fly they all, at once combin'd  
 To shame a general and a beau ?

Truth, justice, sense, religion, fame,  
 May join to finish William's story ;  
 Nations set free, may bless his name,  
 And France in secret own his glory ;  
 But Ypres, Maestricht, and Cambray,  
 Besançon, Ghent, Saint Omer's, Lisle,  
 Courtray, and Dole—Ye critics, say,  
 How poor to this was Pindar's style ?  
 With *ekes* and *alsos* tack thy strain,  
 Great Bard ! and sing the deathless prince  
 Who lost Namur the same campaign  
 He bought Dixmuyd, and plunder'd Deynse.

I'll hold ten pound my dream is out ;  
 I'd tell it you but for the rattle  
 Of those confounded drums ; no doubt  
 Yon bloody rogues intend a battle.  
 Dear me ! a hundred thousand French  
 With terror fill the neighbouring field,  
 While William carries on the trench,  
 Till both the town and castle yield.  
 Villeroy to Boufflers should advance,  
 Says Mars, through cannons mouths' in fire ;  
*Id est*, one Mareschal of France  
 Tells t' other he can come no nigher.

Regain the lines the shortest way,  
 Villeroy, or to Versailles take post,  
 For having seen it, thou canst say  
 The steps by which Namur was lost.

Considerez ces approches :  
Voyez grimper sur ces roches  
Ces athlètes belliqueux ;  
Et dans les eaux, dans la flamme,  
Louis à tout donnant l'ame,  
Marcher, courir avecque eux.

Contemplez dans la tempeste,  
Qui sort de ces boulevards,  
La plume qui sur sa teste  
Attire tous les regards.  
A cet astre redoutable  
Toujours un sort favorable  
S'attache dans les combats :  
Et toujours avec la gloire  
Mars amenant la victoire  
Vôle, et le suit à grands pas.

Grands défenseurs de l'Espagne,  
Montrez-vous : il en est temps :  
Courage ; vers la Mahagne  
Voilà vos drapeaux flottans.  
Jamais ses ondes craintives  
N'ont veû sur leurs foibles rives  
Tant de guerriers s'amasser.  
Courez donc : Qui vous retarde ?  
Tout l'univers vous regarde.  
N'osez-vous la traverser ?

Loin de fermer le passage  
A vos nombreux bataillons,  
Luxembourg a du rivage  
Reculé ses pavillons.  
Quoy ? leur seul aspect vous glace ?  
Où sont ces chefs pleins d'audace,



The smoke and flame may vex thy sight ;  
Look not once back ; but, as thou goest,  
Quicken the squadrons in their flight,  
And bid the devil take the slowest.  
Think not what reason to produce,  
From Louis to conceal thy fear ;  
He'll own the strength of thy excuse,  
Tell him that William was but there.

Now let us look for Louis' feather,  
That us'd to shine so like a star ;  
The Generals could not get together  
Wanting that influence, great in war ;  
O Poet ! thou hadst been discreeter,  
Hanging the Monarch's hat so high,  
If thou hadst dubb'd thy star a meteor,  
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

To animate the doubtful fight,  
Namur in vain expects that ray ;  
In vain France hopes the sickly light  
Should shine near William's fuller day.  
It knows Versailles its proper station,  
Nor cares for any foreign sphere :  
Where you see Boileau's constellation,  
Be sure no danger can be near.

The French had gather'd all their force,  
And William met them in their way,  
Yet off they brush'd, both foot and horse ;  
What has friend Boileau left to say ?  
When his high Muse is bent upon't,  
To sing her King, that great commander,  
Or on the shores of Hellespont,  
Or in the vallies near Scamander,

Jadis si prompts à marcher,  
Qui devoient de la Tamise,  
Et de la Drève s'ôlûmise,  
Jusqu' à Paris nous chercher ?

Cependant l'effroy redouble  
Sous les remparts de Namur  
Son gouverneur qui se trouble  
S'enfuit sous son dernier mur.  
Déjà jusques à ses portes  
Je voy monter nos cohortes,  
La flamme et le fer en main :  
Et sur les monceaux de piques,  
De corps morts, de rocs, de briques,  
S'ouvrir un large chemin.

C'en est fait. Je viens d'entendre  
Sur ces rochers éperdus  
Battre un signal pour se rendre :  
Le feu cesse. Ils sont rendus.  
Dépouillez vôte arrogance,  
Fiers ennemis de la France,  
Et désormais gracieux,  
Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles,  
Porter les humbles nouvelles  
De Namur pris à vous yeux.

Would it not spoil his noble task,  
If any foolish Phrygian there is  
Impertinent enough to ask,  
How far Namur may be from Paris?

Two stanzas more before we end,  
Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks, and fire ;  
Leave them behind you, honest friend,  
And with your countrymen retire.  
Your ode is spoilt ; Namur is freed :  
For Dixmuyd something yet is due ;  
So good Count Guiscard may proceed <sup>4</sup> ;  
But, Boufflers, sir, one word with you—

Tis done. In sight of these commanders  
Who neither fight nor raise the siege,  
The foes of France march safe through Flanders,  
Divide to Bruxelles or to Liege.  
Send, Fame, this news to Trianon,  
That Boufflers may new honours gain ;  
He the same play by land has shown,  
As Tourville did upon the main <sup>5</sup>.  
Yet is the Marshal made a peer :  
O, William! may thy arms advance,  
That he may lose Dinant next year,  
And so be Constable of France.

<sup>4</sup> Count Guiscard was commander of the *town* of Namur, and Marshal Boufflers of the *castle*.

<sup>5</sup> M. de Tourville commanded the French squadron, which engaged Admiral Russell off La Hogue, in 1692.

*THE GARLAND.*

**THE** pride of every grove I chose,  
The violet sweet and lily fair,  
The dappled pink and blushing rose,  
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place  
Upon her brow the various wreath;  
The flowers less blooming than her face,  
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day,  
And every nymph and shepherd said,  
That in her hair they look'd more gay  
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undress'd at evening, when she found  
Their odours lost, their colours past,  
She chang'd her look, and on the ground  
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,  
As any Muse's tongue could speak,  
When from its lid a pearly tear  
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,  
' My love, my life, (said I) explain  
This change of humour; pr'ythe tell,  
That falling tear—what does it mean?'

She sigh'd; she smil'd; and to the flow'rs  
Pointing, the lovely mor'alist said,  
' See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,  
See yonder what a change is made,

‘ Ah me! the blooming pride of May  
 And that of Beauty are but one;  
 At morn both flourish, bright and gay,  
 Both fade at evening, pale and gone.  
 ‘ At dawn poor Stella danc’d and sung,  
 The amorous youth around her bow’d;  
 At night her fatal knell was rung;  
 I saw and kiss’d her in her shroud.  
 ‘ Such as she is who died to-day,  
 Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:  
 Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display  
 The justice of thy Chloe’s sorrow.’

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### THE VICEROY.

#### A BALLAD.

*To the tune of Lady Isabella’s Tragedy: or the Step-  
 mother’s Cruelty.*

OF Nero<sup>1</sup>, tyrant, petty king,  
 Who heretofore did reign  
 In fam’d Hibernia, I will sing,  
 And in a ditty plain.  
 He hated was by rich and poor,  
 For reasons you shall hear;  
 So ill he exercis’d his pow’r,  
 That he himself did fear.

<sup>1</sup> This satire was justly levelled at Lord Coningshy, for his mal-administration when he was one of the Lords Justices of Ireland.

Full prond and arrogant was he,  
And covetous withal ;  
The guilty he would still set free,  
But guiltless men enthrall.

He with a haughty impious nod  
Would curse and dogmatize,  
Not fearing either man or God,  
Gold he did idolize.

A patriot <sup>2</sup> of high degree,  
Who could no longer bear  
This upstart Viceroy's tyranny,  
Against him did declare.

And arm'd with truth, impeach'd the Don  
Of his enormous crimes,  
Which I'll unfold to you anon,  
In low but faithful rhymes.

The articles recorded stand  
Against this peerless peer,  
Search but the archives of the land,  
You'll find them written there <sup>3</sup>.

Attend, and justly I'll recite  
His treasons to you all,  
The heads set in their native light,  
(And sigh poor Gaphny's fall.)

That traitorously he did abuse  
The power in him repos'd,  
And wickedly the same did use,  
On all mankind impos'd.

<sup>2</sup> The Earl of Bellamont impeached Comingsby of high-treason in the English parliament.

<sup>3</sup> Sabbati, 16 die Decembris, 5 Gulielmi et Mariæ, 1693.

That he, contrary to all law,  
An oath did frame and make,  
Compelling the militia  
The' illegal oath to take.

Free-quarters for the army, too,  
He did exact and force;  
On Protestants his love to show,  
Than Papist us'd them worse.

On all provisions destin'd for  
The camp at Limerick,  
He laid a tax full hard and sore,  
'Though many men were sick.

The sutlers, too, he did ordain  
For licences should pay,  
Which they refits'd with just disdain,  
And fled the camp away,

By which provisions were so scant,  
That hundreds there did die,  
The soldiers food and drink did want,  
Nor famine could they fly.

He so much lov'd his private gain,  
He could not hear or see :  
They might or die, or might complain,  
Without relief, *pardie*.

That, above and against all right,  
By word of mouth did he,  
In council sitting, hellish spite,  
The farmer's fate decree ;

That he, O ! *Ciel*, without trial,  
Straightway should hanged be ;  
Though then the courts were open all,  
Yet Nero judge would be.

No sooner said, but it was done,  
The Bourreau did his worst ;  
Gaphny, alas ! is dead and gone,  
And left his judge accurs'd.

In this concise, despotic way,  
Unhappy Gaphny fell,  
Which did all honest men affray,  
As truly it might well.

Full two good hundred pounds a-year,  
This poor man's real estate,  
He settled on his favourite dear,  
And Culliford can say't.

Besides, he gave five hundred pound  
To Fielding his own scribe,  
Who was his bail ; one friend he found ;  
He ow'd him to the bribe.

But for this horrid murder vile  
None did him prosecute ;  
His old friend help'd him o'er the stile ;  
With Satan who dispute ?

With France, fair England's mortal foe,  
A trade he carried on ;  
Had any other done't, I trow,  
To Tripos he had gone.

That he did likewise traitorously,  
To bring his ends to bear,  
Enrich himself most knavishly ;  
O thief without compare !

Vast quantities of stores did he  
Embezzle and purloin ;  
Of the king's stores he kept a key,  
Converting them to coin.



The forfeited estates also,  
Both real and personal,  
Did with the stores together go ;  
Fierce Cerberus swallow'd all.

Meanwhile the soldiers sigh'd and sobb'd,  
For not one souse had they ;  
His Excellence had each man fobb'd,  
For he had sunk their pay.

Nero, without the least disguise,  
The Papists at all times  
Still favour'd, and their robberies  
Look'd on as trivial crimes.

The Protestants, whom they did rob  
During his government,  
Were forc'd with patience, like good Job,  
To rest themselves content.

For he did basely them refuse  
All legal remedy ;  
The Romans still he well did use,  
Still screen'd their roguery.

Succinctly thus to you I've told  
How this Viceroy did reign,  
And other truths I shall unfold ;  
For truth is always plain.

The best of queens he hath revil'd,  
Before and since her death,  
He, cruel and ungrateful, smil'd  
When she resign'd her breath.

Forgetful of the favours kind  
She had on him bestow'd,  
Like Lucifer, his rancorous mind,  
He lov'd nor her nor God.

- But listen, Nero, lend thy ears,  
As still thou hast them on ;  
Hear what Britannia says, with tears,  
Of Anna dead and gone :
- ‘ Oh! sacred be her memory,  
For ever dear her name ;  
There never was, or ere can be,  
A brighter, juster dame.
- ‘ Bless’d be my sons, and eke all those  
Who on her praises dwell ;  
She conquer’d Britain’s fiercest foes,  
She did all queens excel.
- ‘ All princes, kings, and potentates,  
Ambassadors did send ;  
All nations, provinces, and states,  
Sought Anna for their friend.
- ‘ In Anna they did all confide,  
For Anna they could trust ;  
Her royal faith they all had tried,  
For Anna still was just.
- ‘ Truth, mercy, justice, did surround  
Her awful judgment-seat ;  
In her the Graces all were found,  
In Anna all complete.
- ‘ She held the sword and balance right,  
And sought her people’s good ;  
In clemency she did delight,  
Her reign not stain’d with blood.
- ‘ Her gracious goodness, piety,  
In all her deeds did shine,  
And bounteous was her charity,  
All attributes divine.

‘ Consummate wisdom, meekness all,  
Adorn’d the words she spoke,  
When they from her fair lips did fall,  
And sweet her lovely look.

‘ Ten thousand glorious deeds to crown,  
She caus’d dire war to cease ;  
A greater empress ne’er was known,  
She fix’d the world in peace.

‘ This last and godlike act achiev’d,  
To Heaven she wing’d her flight ;  
Her loss, with tears, all Europe griev’d,  
Their strength and dear delight.

‘ Leave we, in bliss, this heavenly saint,  
Revere, ye just, her urn ;  
Her virtues, high and excellent,  
Astrea gone we mourn.

‘ Commemorate, my sons, the day  
Which gave great Anna birth ;  
Keep it for ever and for aye,  
And annual be your mirth.’

Illustrious George now fills the throne,  
Our wise benign good king ;  
Who can his wondrous deeds make known,  
Or his bright actions sing !

Thee, favourite Nero, he has deign’d  
To raise to high degree !  
Well thou thy honours hast sustain’d,  
Well vouch’d thy ancestry.

But pass—These honours on thee laid,  
Can they e’er make thee white?  
Don’t Gaphny’s blood, which thou hast shed,  
Thy guilty soul affright ?

Oh ! is there not, grim mortal, tell,  
Places of bliss and woe ?

Oh ! is there not a Heaven, a hell ?  
But whither wilt thou go ?

Can nought change thy obdurate mind ?  
Wilt thou for ever rail ?

The prophet on thee well refin'd,  
And set thy wit to sale.

How thou art lost to sense and shame  
Three countries witness be ;

Thy conduct all just men do blame,  
*Libera nos Domine !*

Dame Justice waits thee, well I ween,  
Her sword is brandish'd high ;  
Nought can thee from her vengeance screen,  
Nor canst thou from her fly.

Heavy her ire will fall on thee,  
The glittering steel is sure :  
Sooner or later, all agree,  
She cuts off the impure.

To her I leave thee, gloomy Peer,  
Think on thy crimes committed ;  
Repent, and be for once sincere,  
Thou ne'er wilt be De-Witted.

**DOWN-HALL<sup>1</sup>.****A BALLAD.***To the tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.*

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1715.

I SING not old Jason who travell'd through Greece  
 'To kiss the fair maids and possess the rich fleece,  
 Nor sing I Æneas, who, led by his mother,  
 Got rid of one wife and went far for another,  
     Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Nor him who through Asia and Europe did roam,  
 Ulysses by name, who ne'er car'd to go home,  
 But rather desir'd to see cities and men,  
 Than return to his farms, and converse with old Pen.  
     Derry down, &c.

Hang Homer and Virgil; their meaning to seek,  
 A man must have pok'd into Latin and Greek;  
 Those who love their own tongue, we have reason  
     to hope,  
 Have read them translated by Dryden and Pope;  
     Derry down, &c.

But I sing of exploits that have lately been done  
 By two British heroes call'd Matthew and John<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> Down Hall is situated three miles S. E. from Hatfield Broad Oak Church in Essex, and was purchased jointly by Prior and Lord Harley, to whom it wholly reverted on the death of the poet.

<sup>2</sup> Matthew Prior, and John Morley of Halstead in Essex, bred a butcher, but accounted one of the greatest land-jobbers in England. In honour of his profession he annually killed a hog, in the public market, and took a groat for it. He died 1732.

And how they rid friendly from fine London town,  
Fair Essex to see, and a place they call Down,  
Derry down, &c.

Now ere they went out, you may rightly suppose  
How much they discours'd both in prudence and  
prose :

For before this great journey was thoroughly con-  
certed ;

Full often they met, and as often they parted ;  
Derry down, &c.

And thus Matthew said, ' Look you here, my friend  
I fairly have travell'd years thirty-and-one, [John,  
And though I still carried my Sovereign's warrants,  
I only have gone upon other folks' errands ;  
Derry down, &c.

And now in this journey of life I would have [grave,  
A place where to bait 'twixt the court and the  
Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die.'—

' Gadzooks, I have just such a place in my eye,  
Derry down, &c.

There are gardens so stately, and arhours so thick,  
A portal of stone, and a fabric of brick ;  
The matter next week shall be all in your pow'r ;  
But the money, Gadzooks, must be paid to an hour ;  
Derry down, &c.

For things in this world must by law be made certain ;  
We both must repair unto Oliver Martin<sup>3</sup>,  
For he is a lawyer of worthy renown !  
I'll bring you to see ; he must fix you at Down.'  
Derry down, &c.

<sup>3</sup> Of the Middle Temple, who was employed by the parties as conveyancer. See *Prior's Will*.

Quoth Matthew, 'I know that from Berwick to  
You've sold all our premises over and over; [Dover,  
And now if your buyers and sellers agree,  
You may throw all our acres into the South-sea,  
Derry down, &c.

'But a word to the purpose; to-morrow, dear friend,  
We'll see what to-night you so highly commend;  
And if with a garden and house I am bless'd,  
Let the devil and Coningsby<sup>4</sup> go with the rest,'  
Derry down, &c.

Then answer'd 'Squire Morley, 'Pray, get a calash,  
That in summer may burn, and in winter may splash;  
I love dirt and dust; and 'tis always my pleasure  
To take with me much of the soil that I measure,'  
Derry down, &c.

But Matthew thought better, for Matthew thought  
right,  
And hired a chariot so trim and so tight, [pass;  
That extremes both of winter and summer might  
For one window was canvass, the other was glass,  
Derry down, &c.

'Draw up,' quoth friend Matthew; 'pull down,'  
quoth friend John,  
'We shall be both hotter and colder anon:'  
Thus talking and scolding they forward did speed,  
And Ralpho pac'd by under Newman the Swede,  
Derry down, &c.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,  
At a town they call Hodsdon, the sign of the Bull,

<sup>4</sup> Lord Coningsby, with whom he had differed. See the  
*preceding Ballad of the Viceroy.*

Near a nymph with an urn, that divides the highway,  
And into a puddle throws mother-of tea,  
Derry down, &c.

‘ Come here, my sweet landlady; pray, how d’yc do’?  
Where is Cic’ly so cleanly, and Prudence, and Sue?  
And where is the widow that dwelt here below?  
And the hostler that sung about eight years ago?  
Derry down, &c.

And where is your sister, so mild and so dear?  
Whose voice to her maids like a trumpet was clear.  
‘ By my troth,’ she replies, ‘ you grow younger,  
I think.  
And pray, sir, what wine does the gentleman drink?  
Derry down, &c.

‘ Why now let me die, sir, or live upon trust,  
If I know to which question to answer you first:  
Why things, since I saw you, most strangely have  
varied;  
The hostler is hang’d, and the widow is married;  
Derry down, &c.

‘ And Prue left a child for the parish to nurse;  
And Cic’ly went off with a gentleman’s purse;  
As to my sister, so mild and so dear,  
She has lain in the church-yard full many a year;  
Derry down, &c.

‘ Well, peace to her ashes; what signifies grief?  
She roasted red veal, and she powder’d lean beef;  
Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine dish,  
For tough were her pullets, and tender her fish;  
Derry down, &c.

\* This is Mr. Morley’s address to the hostess.



‘ For that matter, sir, be ye ’squire, knight, or lord,  
 I’ll give you whate’er a good inn can afford :  
 I should look on myself as unhappily sped,  
 Did I yield to a sister, or living or dead ;  
     Derry down, &c.

‘ Of mutton, a delicate neck and a breast  
 Shall swim in the water in which they were dress’d ;  
 And because you great folks are with rarities taken,  
 Addle-eggs shall be next course, tost up with rank  
     Derry down, &c.                      [bacon ;’

Then supper was serv’d, and the sheets they were  
     laid,  
 And Morley most lovingly whisper’d the maid :  
 ‘ The maid ! was she handsome ?’ why, truly, so, so :  
 But what Morley whisper’d we never shall know ;  
     Derry down, &c.

Then up rose these heroes as brisk as the sun,  
 And their horses, like his, were prepared to run :  
 Now when in the morning Matt ask’d for the score,  
 John kindly had paid it the evening before,  
     Derry down, &c.

Their breakfast so warm, to be sure they did eat,  
 (A custom in travellers mighty discreet ;)            [on,  
 And thus with great friendship and glee they went  
 To find out the place you shall hear of anon ;  
     Called Down, Down, hey derry down.

But what did they talk of from morning till noon ?  
 Why, of spots in the sun, and the man in the moon ;  
 Of the Czar’s gentle temper, the stocks in the City,  
 The wise men of Greece, and the Secret Committee,  
     Derry down, &c.

So to Harlow they came; and 'Hey, where are  
you all?

Shew us into the parlour, and mind when I call :  
Why, your maids have no motion, your men have  
no life ;

Well, master, I hear you have buried your wife,  
Derry down, &c.

'Come this very instant, take care to provide  
Tea, sugar, and toast, and a horse and a guide :  
Are the Harrisons here, both the old and the young?  
And where stands fair Down?' the delight of my  
Derry down, &c. [song,

'O 'Squire, to the grief of my heart I may say,  
I have buried two wives since you travell'd this way ;  
And the Harrisons both may be presently here ;  
And Down stands, I think, where it stood the last  
Derry down, &c. [year,'

Then Joan brought the tea-pot, and Caleb the toast,  
And the wine was froth'd out by the hand of mine  
host ;

But we clear'd our extempore banquet so fast,  
'That the Harrisons both were forgot in the haste,  
Derry down, &c.

Now hey for Down Hall ; for the guide he was got ;  
The chariot was mounted ; the horses did trot ;  
The guide he did bring us a dozen miles round ;  
But, oh ! all in vain, for no Down could be found.  
Derry down, &c.

'O thou Popish guide, thou hast led us astray :—  
Says he, 'How the devil should I know the way ?  
I never yet travell'd this road in my life ;  
But Down lies on the left, I was told by my wife ;'  
Derry down, &c.

‘Thy wife,’ answer’d Matthew, ‘when she went  
abroad,  
Ne’er told thee of half the by-ways she had trod;  
Perhaps she met friends, and brought pence to thy  
house,

But thou shalt go home without ever a souse :

Derry down, &c.

‘What is this thing, Morley, and how can you mean it?  
We have lost our estate here, before we have seen it.  
‘Have patience,’ soft Morley, in anger, replied;  
‘To find out our way, let us send off our guide.

Derry down, &c.

‘O here I spy Down; cast your eye to the west,  
Where a windmill so stately stands plainly confess’d.’  
‘On the west!’ replied Matthew, ‘no windmill I  
find;

As well thou may’st tell me I see the west wind.

Derry down, &c.

‘Now pardon me, Morley, the windmill I spy,  
But, faithful Achates, no house is there nigh.’

‘Look again,’ says mild Morley, ‘Gadzooks, you  
are blind;

The mill stands before, and the house lies behind;

Derry down, &c.

‘O, now a low, ruin’d, white shed, I discern,  
Until’d and unglaz’d, I believe ’tis a barn.’

‘A barn! why you rave; ’tis a house for a ’squire,  
A justice of peace, or a knight of our shire,

Derry down, &c.

‘A house should be built or with brick or with  
stone:’—

‘Why, ’tis plaster and lath, and I think that’s all one :

And such as it is, it has stood with great fame,  
 Been called a Hall, and has given its name  
     To Down, Down, hey derry down.\*

‘O Morley, O Morley, if that be a Hall,  
 The fame with the building will suddenly fall’—  
 ‘With your friend Jemmy Gibbs <sup>6</sup> about buildings  
     agree,  
 My business is land, and it matters not me ;  
     Derry down, &c.

‘I wish you could tell what a deuce your head ails ;  
 I show’d you Down Hall ; did you look for Versailles ?  
 Then take house and farm as John Ballett will let ye,  
 For better for worse, as I took my dame Betty,  
     Derry down, &c.

‘And now, sir, a word to the wise is enough ;  
 You’ll make very little of all your old stuff ;  
 And to build at your age, by my troth, you grow  
     simple ;  
 Are you young and rich, like the master of Wimple ?  
     Derry down, &c.

‘If you have these whims of apartments and gardens,  
 From twice fifty acres you’ll ne’er see five farthings ;  
 And in your’s I shall find the true gentleman’s fate,  
 Ere you finish your house you’ll have spent your  
     Derry down, &c. [estate ;

‘Now let us touch thumbs, and be friends ere we  
     part.’

‘Here, John, is my thumb ;’ and ‘Here, Mat, is  
     my heart :

<sup>6</sup> Architect of the Ratcliffe Library, Oxon, &c.

<sup>7</sup> Edward, Earl of Oxford.

'To Halstead I speed, and you go back to Town :—  
'Thus ends the first part of the ballad of Down,  
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

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SONG.

IF wine and music have the power  
To ease the sickness of the soul,  
Let Phæbus every string explore,  
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl :  
Let them their friendly aid employ  
To make my Chloe's absence light,  
And seek for pleasure to destroy  
The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return :  
Venus, be thou to-morrow great ;  
Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn,  
And meet thy favourite nymph in state.  
Kind goddess, to no other pow'rs  
Let us to-morrow's blessings own ;  
Thy darling Love shall guide the hours,  
And all the day be thine alone.

## SONGS

SET TO MUSIC BY THE MOST EMINENT MASTERS.

SET BY ABEL.

READING ends in melancholy,  
Wine breeds vices and diseases,  
Wealth is but care, and love but folly,  
Only friendship truly pleases.  
My wealth, my books, my flask, my Molly,  
Farewell all, if friendship ceases.

SET BY PURCELL.

WHITHER would my passion run?  
Shall I fly her, or pursue her?  
Losing her I am undone,  
Yet would not gain her, to undo her.  
Ye tyrants of the human breast,  
Love and Reason! cease your war,  
And order Death to give me rest,  
So each will equal triumph share.

SET BY DE FESCH.

STREPHONETTA, why d'ye fly me,  
With such rigour in your eyes?  
Oh! 'tis cruel to deny me,  
Since your charms I so much prize.  
But I plainly see the reason  
Why, in vain, I you pursued;  
Her to gain 't was out of season,  
Who before the chaplain woo'd.

## SET BY SMITH.

COME, weep no more, for 'tis in vain ;  
Torment not thus your pretty heart ;  
Think, Flavia, we may meet again,  
As well as that we now must part.

Yon sigh and weep ; the gods neglect  
That precious dew your eyes let fall ;  
Our joy and grief with like respect  
They mind, and that is not at all.

We pray, in hopes they will be kind,  
As if they did regard our state ;  
They hear, and the return we find  
Is that no prayers can alter Fate.

Then clear your brow and look more gay :  
Do not yourself to grief resign ;  
Who knows but that those powers may  
The pair they now have parted join ?

But since they have thus cruel been,  
And could such constant lovers sever,  
I dare not trust, lest, now they 're in,  
They should divide us two for ever.

Then, Flavia, come, and let us grieve,  
Remembering, though, upon what score ;  
This our last parting look believe,  
Believe we must embrace no more.

Yet should our sun shine out at last,  
And Fortune, without more deceit,  
Throw but one reconciling cast  
To make two wandering lovers meet ;

How great, then, would our pleasure be  
To find Heav'n kinder than believ'd,  
And we, who had no hopes to see  
Each other, to be thus deceiv'd!

But say, should Heav'n bring no relief,  
Suppose our sun should never rise ;  
Why, then, what's due to such a grief  
We 've paid already with our eyes.

---

## SET BY DE FESCH.

LET perjur'd, fair Amynta know  
What for her sake I undergo ;  
Tell her, for her how I sustain  
A ling'ring fever's wasting pain ;  
Tell her the torments I endure,  
Which only, only, she can cure.

But, oh! she scorns to hear or see  
The wretch that lies so low as me ;  
Her sudden greatness turns her brain,  
And Strephon hopes, alas! in vain!  
For ne'er 't was found (though often tried)  
That Pity ever dwelt with Pride.

---

## SET BY DE FESCH.

PHILLIS, this pious talk give o'er,  
And modestly pretend no more,  
It is too plain an art :  
Surely you take me for a fool,  
And would by this prove me so dull  
As not to know your heart.  
In vain you fancy to deceive ;  
For truly I can ne'er believe



But this is all a sham ;  
Since any one may plainly see  
You'd only save yourself with me,  
And with another damn.

---

## SET BY SMITH.

STILL, Dorinda, I adore ;  
Think I mean not to deceive ye,  
For I lov'd you much before,  
And, alas ! now love you more,  
Though I force myself to leave you.

Staying I my vows shall fail,  
Virtue yields as love grows stronger ;  
Fierce desires will sure prevail ;  
You are fair, and I am frail,  
And dare trust myself no longer.

You, my love, too nicely coy,  
Lest I should have gain'd the treasure,  
Made my vows and oaths destroy  
The pleasing hopes I did enjoy  
Of all my future peace and pleasure.

To my vows I have been true,  
And in silence hid my anguish,  
But I cannot promise, too,  
What my love may make me do  
While with her for whom I languish ;

For in thee strange magic lies,  
And my heart is too, too tender ;  
Nothing's proof against those eyes,  
Best resolves and strictest ties  
To their force must soon surrender.

But, Dorinda, you 're severe,  
I, much doating, thus to sever ;  
Since from all I hold most dear,  
That you may no longer fear,  
I divorce myself for ever.

---

## SET BY DE FESCH.

Is it, O Love, thy want of eyes,  
Or by the Fates decreed,  
That hearts so seldom sympathize,  
Or for each other bleed ?  
If thou wouldst make two youthful hearts  
One amorous shaft obey,  
'Twould save thee the expense of darts,  
And more extend thy sway.  
Forbear, alas ! thus to destroy  
Thyself, thy growing power,  
For that which would be stretch'd by joy,  
Despair will soon devour.  
Ah ! wound, then, my relentless fair,  
For thy own sake and mine ;  
That boundless bliss may be my share,  
And double glory thine.

---

## SET BY SMITH.

WHY, Harry, what ails you ? why look you so sad ?  
To think and ne'er drink, will make you stark mad.  
'Tis the mistress, the friend, and the bottle, old boy,  
Which create all the pleasure poor mortals enjoy ;  
But wine of the three 's the most cordial brother,  
For one it relieves, and it strengthens the other.

## SET BY DE FESCH.

MORELLA, charming without art,  
And kind without design,  
Can never lose the smallest part  
Of such a heart as mine.

Oblig'd a thousand several ways,  
It ne'er can break her chains,  
While passion, which her beauties raise,  
My gratitude maintains.

---

## SET BY SMITH.

SINCE my words, though ne'er so tender,  
With sincerest truth express'd,  
Cannot make your heart surrender,  
Nor so much as warm your breast ;  
What will move the springs of Nature ?  
What will make you think me true ?  
Tell me, thou mysterious creature,  
Tell poor Strephon what will do.

Do not, Charmion, rack your lover  
Thus, by seeming not to know  
What so plainly all discover,  
What his eyes so plainly show.

Fair one, 'tis yourself deceiving,  
'Tis against your reason's laws ;  
Atheist-like, the' effect perceiving,  
Still to disbelieve the cause.

## SET BY DE FESCH.

LOVE! inform thy faithful creature  
How to keep his fair-one's heart;  
Must it be by truth of nature,  
Or by poor dissembling art?  
Tell the secret, show the wonder,  
How we both may gain our ends;  
I am lost if we're asunder,  
Ever tortur'd if we're friends.

---

## SET BY SMITH.

ONCE I was unconfin'd and free,  
Would I had been so still!  
Enjoying sweetest liberty,  
And roving at my will.  
But now, not master of my heart,  
Cupid does so decide,  
That two she-tyrants shall it part,  
And so poor me divide.  
Victoria's will I must obey,  
She acts without control;  
Phillis has such a taking way,  
She charms my very soul.  
Deceiv'd by Phillis' looks and smiles,  
Into her snares I run;  
Victoria shows me all her wiles,  
Which yet I dare not shun.  
From one I fancy every kiss  
Has something in 't divine;  
And, awful, taste the balmy bliss  
That joins her lips with mine.

But when the' other I embrace,  
Though she be not a queen,  
Methinks 'tis sweet with such a lass  
To tumble on the green.

Thus here you see a shared heart,  
But I, meanwhile, the fool ;  
Each in it has an equal part,  
But neither yet the whole.

Nor will it, if I right forecast,  
To either wholly yield ;  
I find the time approaches fast  
When both must quit the field.

---

## SET BY DE FESCH.

FAREWELL, Amynta, we must part ;  
The charm has lost its pow'r  
Which held so fast my captiv'd heart  
Until this fatal hour.

Hadst thou not thus my love abus'd,  
And us'd me ne'er so ill,  
Thy cruelty I had excus'd,  
And I had lov'd thee still.

But know, my soul disdain'd thy sway,  
And scorns thy charms and thee,  
To which each fluttering coxcomb may  
As welcome be as me.

Think in what perfect bliss you reign'd,  
How lov'd before thy fall ;  
And now, alas ! how much disdain'd  
By me, and scorn'd by all.

Yet thinking of each happy hour  
Which I with thee have spent,  
So robs my rage of all its pow'r,  
That I almost relent.

But pride will never let me bow ;  
No more thy charnis can move ;  
Yet thou art worth my pity now,  
Because thou hadst my love.

---

SET BY SMITH.

ACCEPT, my Love, as true a heart  
As ever lover gave ;  
'Tis free (it vows) from any art,  
And proud to be your slave.  
Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,  
And let the giver live,  
Who with it would the world have sent,  
Had it been his to give.  
And that Dorinda may not fear  
I e'er will prove untrue,  
My vows shall, ending with the year,  
With it begin anew.

---

SET BY DE FESCH.

SINCE by ill fate I'm forc'd away,  
And snatch'd so soon from those dear arms,  
Against my will I must obey,  
And leave those sweet endearing charms.  
Yet still love on, and never fear  
But you and constancy will prove  
Enough my present flame to bear,  
And make me, though in absence, love :

For though your presence Fate denies,  
I feel, alas! the killing smart,  
And can, with undiscerned eyes,  
Behold your picture in my heart.

---

## SET BY DE FESCH.

TOUCH the lyre, touch every string ;  
Touch it, Orpheus ; I will sing  
A song which shall immortal be,  
Since she I sing 's a deity ;  
A Leonora, whose bless'd birth  
Has no relation to this earth.

---

## SET BY DE FESCH.

IN vain, alas ! poor Strephon tries  
To ease his tortur'd breast,  
Since Amoret the cure denies,  
And makes his pain a jest.  
Ah ! fair-one, why to me so coy,  
And why to him so true ?  
Who with more coldness slights the joy,  
Than I with love pursue.  
Die, then, unhappy lover, die ;  
For since she gives thee death,  
The world has nothing that can buy  
A minute more of breath.  
Yet though I could your scorn outlive,  
'Twere folly, since to me  
Not love itself a joy can give  
But, Amoret, in thee.

## SET BY DE FESCH.

WELL, I will never more complain,  
Or call the Fates unkind ;  
Alas ! how fond it is, how vain !  
But self-conceitedness does reign  
In every mortal mind.

'Tis true they long did me deny,  
Nor would permit a sight ;  
I rag'd, for I could not espy  
Or think that any harm could lie  
Disguis'd in that delight.

At last, my wishes to fulfil,  
They did their power resign ;  
I saw her, but I wish I still  
Had been obedient to their will,  
And they not unto mine.

Yet I by this have learn'd the wit  
Never to grieve or fret ;  
Contentedly I will submit,  
And think that best which they think fit,  
Without the least regret.

---

## SET BY C. R.

CHLOE beauty has and wit,  
And an air that is not common ;  
Every charm in her does meet,  
Fit to make a handsome woman.

But we do not only find  
Here a lovely face or feature,  
For she's merciful and kind ;  
Beauty's answered by good-nature.



She is always doing good,  
Of her favours never sparing ;  
And, as all good Christians should,  
Keeps poor mortals from despairing.  
Jove the power knew of her charms,  
And that no man could endure them,  
So, providing 'gainst all harms,  
Gave to her the power to cure them.

---

SINCE, Moggy, I mun bid adieu,  
How can I help despairing ?  
Let cruel Fate us still pursue,  
There 's nought more worth my caring.  
'Twas she alone could calm my soul,  
When racking thoughts did grieve me ;  
Her eyes my trouble could control,  
And into joys deceive me.  
Farewell, ye brooks ! no more along  
Your banks mun I be walking ;  
No more you'll hear my pipe or song,  
Or pretty Moggy's talking.  
But I by death an end will give  
To grief, since we mun sever ;  
For who can after parting live,  
Ought to be wretched ever.

---

SOME kind angel, gently flying,  
Mov'd with pity at my pain,  
Tell Corinna I am dying,  
Till with joy we meet again.

Tell Corinna, since we parted  
I have never known delight ;  
And shall soon be broken-hearted,  
If I longer want her sight.

Tell her how her lover, mourning,  
Thinks each lazy day a year,  
Cursing every morn returning,  
Since Corinna is not here.

Tell her too, not distant places,  
(Will she be but true and kind)  
Join'd with time and change of faces,  
E'er shall shake my constant mind.



HASTE, my Nannette,  
My lovely maid,  
Haste to the bower  
Thy swain has made.

For thee alone  
I made the bower,  
And strew'd the couch  
With many a flower.

None but my sheep  
Shall near us come:  
Venus be prais'd  
My sheep are dumb.

Great god of love  
Take thou my crook,  
To keep the wolf  
From Nannette's flock.

Guard thou the sheep  
To her so dear ;  
My own, alas !  
Are less my care.  
But of the wolf  
If thou'rt afraid,  
Come not to us  
To call for aid ;  
For with her swain  
My love shall stay,  
Though the wolf stroll,  
And the sheep stray.

---

WHILST others proclaim  
This nymph or that swain,  
Dearest Nelly the lovely I'll sing ;  
She shall grace every verse,  
I'll her beauties rehearse,  
Which lovers can't think an ill thing.  
Her eyes shine as bright  
As stars in the night ;  
Her complexion divinely is fair ;  
Her lips red as a cherry,  
Would a hermit make merry,  
And black as a coal is her hair.  
Her breath, like a rose,  
Its sweets does disclose,  
Whenever you ravish a kiss ;  
Like iv'ry inchas'd,  
Her teeth are well plac'd ;  
An exquisite beauty she is.

She's blooming as May,  
Brisk, lively, and gay,  
The Graces play all round about her;  
She's prudent and witty,  
Sings wondrously pretty,  
And there is no living without her.

# TALES.

---

THE

*TURTLE AND SPARROW.*

AN ELEGIAC TALE<sup>1</sup>.

BEHIND an unfrequented glade,  
Where yew and myrtle mix their shade,  
A widow Turtle pensive sate,  
And wept her murder'd lovers fate.  
The Sparrow chanc'd that way to walk,  
(A bird that loves to chirp and talk)  
Be sure he did the Turtle greet,  
She answer'd him as she thought meet:  
Sparrows and Turtles, by the by,  
Can think as well as you or I;  
But how they did their thoughts express,  
The margin shows by T. and S.

T. My hopes are lost, my joys are fled,  
Alas! I weep Columbo dead:  
Come, all ye winged lovers, come,  
Drop pinks and daisies on his tomb;  
Sing, Philomel, his funeral verse,  
Ye pious Redbreasts, deck his hearse;  
Fair Swans, extend your dying throats,  
Columbo's death requires your notes;

<sup>1</sup> This piece was written upon the sincere affection shown by Queen Anne for the loss of her royal consort, Prince George of Denmark, 1708.

For him, my friend, for him I moan,  
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

Stretch'd on the bier Columbo lies,  
Pale are his cheeks, and clos'd his eyes ;  
Those cheeks, where Beauty smiling lay,  
Those eyes, where Love was us'd to play ;  
Ah ! cruel Fate, alas ! how soon  
That beauty, and those joys are flown !

Columbo is no more : ye Floods,  
Bear the sad sound to distant woods ;  
The sound let Echo's voice restore,  
And say, Columbo is no more.  
Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes, moan  
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

The Dryads all forsook the wood,  
And mournful Naiads round me stood,  
The tripping Fawns and Fairies came,  
All conscious of our mutual flame,  
To sigh for him, with me to moan,  
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

Venus disdain'd not to appear,  
To lend my grief a friendly ear ;  
But what avails her kindness now ?  
She ne'er shall hear my second vow :  
The Loves, that round their mother flew,  
Did in her face her sorrows view ;  
Their drooping wings they pensive hung,  
Their arrows broke, their bows unstrung ;  
They heard attentive what I said,  
And wept, with me, Columbo dead :  
For him I sigh, for him I moan,  
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

' 'Tis ours to weep,' great Venus said,  
' 'Tis Jove's alone, to be obey'd ;

Nor birds nor goddesses can move  
The just behests of fatal Jove :  
I saw thy mate with sad regret,  
And curs'd the fowler's cruel net ;  
Ah, dear Columbo, how he fell,  
Whom Turturella lov'd so well !  
I saw him bleeding on the ground,  
The sight tore up my ancient wound !  
And whilst you wept, alas ! I cried,  
Columbo and Adonis died.'

Weep, all ye Streams, ye Mountains, groan ;  
I mourn Columbo, dead and gone ;  
Still let my tender grief complain,  
Nor day nor night that grief restrain ;  
I said, and Venns still replied,  
' Columbo and Adonis died.'

S. Poor Turturella, hard thy case,  
And just thy tears, alas ! alas !

T. And hast thou lov'd, and canst thou hear  
With piteous heart a lover's care ?  
Come, then, with me thy sorrows join,  
And ease my woes by telling thine ;  
For thou, poor bird, perhaps may'st moan  
Some Passerella, dead and gone.

S. Dame Turtle, this runs soft in rhyme,  
But neither suits the place nor time ;  
The fowler's hand, whose cruel care  
For dear Columbo set the snare,  
The snare again for thee may set ;  
Two birds may perish in one net :  
Thou shouldst avoid this cruel field,  
And sorrow should to prudence yield.  
'Tis sad to die—

T. ———It may be so ;  
'Tis sadder yet to live in woe.

S. When widows use their canting strain,  
They seem resolv'd to wed again.

T. When widowers would this truth disprove,  
They never tasted real love.

S. Love is soft joy and gentle strife,  
His efforts all depend on life :  
When he has thrown two golden darts,  
And struck the lovers' mutual hearts,  
Of his black shafts let Death send one,  
Alas! the pleasing game is done ;  
Ill is the poor survivor sped,  
A corpse feels mighty cold in bed.  
Venus said right, ' Nor tears can move,  
Nor plaints revoke, the will of Jove.'

All must obey the general doom,  
Down from Alcides to Tom Thumb.  
Grim Pluto will not be withstood  
By force or craft. Tall Robinhood,  
As well as little John, is dead,  
(You see how deeply I am read)  
With Fate's lean tipstaff none can dodge,  
He'll find you out where'er you lodge.  
Ajax, to shun his general power,  
In vain absconded in a flower:  
An idle scene Tythonus acted,  
When to a grasshopper contracted;  
Death struck them in those shapes again,  
As once he did when they were men.

For reptiles perish, plants decay ;  
Flesh is but grass, grass turns to hay,  
And hay to dung, and dung to clay.

}



Thus heads extremely nice discover,  
That folks may die some ten times over ;  
But oft, by too refin'd a touch,  
To prove things plain, they prove too much.  
Whate'er Pythagoras may say,  
(For each, you know, will have his way)  
With great submission I pronounce,  
That people die no more than once :  
But once is sure, and death is common  
To bird and man, including woman :  
From the spread eagle to the wren,  
Alas ! no mortal fowl knows when.  
All that wear feathers, first or last,  
Must one day perch on Charon's mast ;  
Must lie beneath the cypress shade,  
Where Strada's nightingale was laid.  
Those fowl who seem alive to sit,  
Assembled by Dan Chaucer's wit,  
In prose have slept three hundred years,  
Exempt from worldly hopes and fears,  
And, laid in state upon their hearse,  
Are truly but embalm'd in verse.  
As sure as Lesbia's Sparrow I,  
Thou sure as Prior's Dove, must die ;  
And ne'er again from Lethe's streams  
Return to Addua or to Thames.

T. I therefore weep Columbo dead,  
My hopes bereav'd, my pleasures fled ;  
I therefore must for ever moan  
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

S. Columbo never sees your tears,  
Your cries Columbo never hears ;  
A wall of brass, and one of lead,  
Divide the living from the dead :

Repell'd by this, the gather'd rain  
Of tears beats back to earth again ;  
In t'other the collected sound  
Of groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.  
'Tis therefore vain one hour to grieve  
What time itself can ne'er retrieve.  
By nature soft, I know a dove  
Can never live without her love ;  
Then quit this flame, and light another,  
Dame, I advise you like a brother.

T. What, I to make a second choice !  
In other nuptials to rejoice !

S. Why not, my bird?—

T. —No, Sparrow, no ;  
Let me indulge my pleasing woe :  
Thus sighing, cooing, ease my pain,  
But never wish nor love again :  
Distress'd, for ever let me moan  
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

S. Our winged friends, through all the grove,  
Contemn thy mad excess of love :  
I tell thee, Dame, the other day  
I met a parrot and a jay,  
Who mock'd thee in their mimic tone,  
And wept Columbo, dead and gone.

T. Whate'er the jay or parrot said,  
My hopes are lost, my joys are fled,  
And I for ever must deplore  
Columbo, dead and gone.—S. Encore !  
For shame, forsake this Bion-style ;  
We'll talk an hour, and walk a mile.  
Does it with sense or health agree,  
To sit thus moping on a tree ?  
To throw away a widow's life,  
When you again may be a wife ;

Come on, I'll tell you my amours;  
Who knows but they may influence your's?  
Example draws where precept fails,  
And sermons are less read than tales.

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my friend;  
As such will hear thee: I descend;  
Hop on and talk; but, honest bird,  
Take care that no immodest word  
May venture to offend my ear.

S. Too saint-like Turtle, never fear.  
By method things are best discuss'd,  
Begin we then with wife the first:  
A handsome, senseless, awkward fool,  
Who would not yield, and could not rule;  
Her actions did her charms disgrace,  
And still her tongue talk'd of her face;  
Count me the leaves on yonder tree,  
So many different wills had she,  
And, like the leaves, as chance inclin'd,  
Those wills were chang'd with every wind:  
She courted the *beau-monde* to-night,  
*L'assemblee* her supreme delight;  
'The next she sat immur'd, unseen,  
And in full health enjoy'd the spleen;  
She censur'd that, she alter'd this,  
And with great care set all amiss;  
She now could chide, now laugh, now cry,  
Now sing, now pout, all God knows why:  
Short was her reign, she cough'd and died:—  
Proceed we to my second bride:  
Well born she was, genteely bred,  
And buxom both at board and bed;  
Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please,  
And, as Tom Southern wisely says,

' No other fault had she in life,  
 But only that she was my wife ' :  
 O widow Turtle ! every she,  
 (So Nature's pleasure does decree)  
 Appears a goddess till enjoy'd ;  
 But birds, and men, and gods, are cloy'd.  
 Was Hercules one woman's man ?  
 Or Jove for ever Leda's swan ?  
 Ah ! Madam, cease to be mistaken,  
 Few married fowl peck Dunmow-bacon.  
 Variety alone gives joy ;  
 The sweetest meats the soonest cloy.  
 What Sparrow-dame, what Dove alive,  
 Though Venus should the chariot drive,  
 But would accuse the harness' weight,  
 If always coupled to one mate ;  
 And often wish the fetter broke ?  
 'Tis freedom but to change the yoke.

T. Impious, to wish to wed again,  
 Ere death dissolv'd the former chain !

S. Spare your remark, and hear the rest,  
 She brought me sons, but, Jove be bless'd,  
 She died in childbed, on the nest. }  
 Well, rest her bones, quoth I, she's gone ;  
 But must I therefore lie alone ?  
 What, am I to her memory tied ?  
 Must I not live, because she died ?  
 And thus I logically said,  
 ('Tis good to have a reasoning head)  
 Is this my wife ? *probatur*, not ;  
 For death dissolv'd the marriage-knot :  
 She was, *concedo*, during life ;  
 But is a piece of clay a wife ?

<sup>1</sup> See the Wife's Excuse, a comedy. ,

Again, if not wife, do ye see,  
Why then no kin at all to me ;  
And he who general tears can shed  
For folks that happen to be dead,  
May e'en with equal justice mourn  
For those, who never yet were born.

T. Those points, indeed, you quaintly prove ;  
But logic is no friend to love.

S. My children then were just pen-feather'd ;  
Some little corn for them I gather'd,  
And sent them to my spouse's mother,  
So left that brood to get another ;  
And as old Harry whilom said,  
Reflecting on Anne Boleyn dead,  
' Cocksbones, I now again do stand  
The jolliest bachelor i' th' land.'

T. Ah me ! my joys, my hopes, are fled ;  
My first, my only love, is dead ;  
With endless grief let me bemoan  
Columbo's loss——

S. ——Let me go on.  
As yet my fortune was but narrow ;  
I woo'd my cousin, Philly Sparrow,  
O' th' elder house of Chirping-End,  
From whence the younger branch descend.  
Well seated in a field of pease  
She liv'd, extremely at her ease ;  
But when the honey-moon was pass'd,  
The following nights were soon o'ercast ;  
She kept her own, could plead the law,  
And quarrel for a barley-straw :  
Both, you may judge, became less kind,  
As more we knew each other's mind.

She soon grew sullen ; I, hard-hearted ;  
We scolded, hated, fought, and parted,  
To London, blessed town ! I went ;  
She boarded at a farm in Kent :  
A magpie from the country fled,  
And kindly told me—she was dead :  
I prun'd my feathers, cock'd my tail,  
And set my heart again to sale.

My fourth, a mere coquette, or such  
I thought her ; nor avails it much,  
If true or false : our troubles spring  
More from the fancy than the thing.  
Two staring horns, I often said,  
But ill become a Sparrow's head ;  
But then to set that balance even,  
Your cuckold-Sparrow goes to heaven.  
The thing you fear, suppose it done,  
If you inquire, you make it known :  
Whilst at the root your horns are sore,  
The more you scratch they ache the more.  
But turn the tables and reflect,  
All may not be that you suspect :  
By the mind's eye, the horns we mean,  
Are only in ideas seen ;  
'Tis from the inside of the head  
Their branches shoot, their antlers spread ;  
Fruitful suspicions often bear them ;  
You feel them from the time you fear them.  
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! that echo'd word  
Offends the ear of vulgar bird ;  
But those of finer taste have found  
There's nothing in't beside the sound.  
Preferment always waits on horns,  
And household peace the gift adorns :

This way or that let factions tend,  
 The spark is still the cuckold's friend :  
 This way or that let madam roam,  
 Well pleas'd and quiet she comes home.  
 Now weigh the pleasure with the pain,  
 The *plus* and *minus*, loss and gain ;  
 And what La Fontaine laughing says,  
 Is serious truth in such a case :  
 ' Who slights the evil, finds it least ;  
 And who does nothing, does the best.'  
 I never strove to rule the roast,  
 She ne'er refus'd to pledge my toast :  
 In visits if we chanc'd to meet,  
 I seem'd obliging, she discreet :  
 We neither much caress'd nor strove,  
 But good dissembling pass'd for love.

T. Whate'er of light our eye may know,  
 'Tis only light itself can show ;  
 Whate'er of love our heart can feel,  
 'Tis mutual love alone can tell.

S. My pretty, amorous, foolish bird,  
 A moment's patience.—In one word,  
 The three kind Sisters broke the chain ;  
 She died, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.

T. Let me with juster grief deplore  
 My dear Columbo, now no more ;  
 Let me with constant tears bewail—

S. Your sorrow does but spoil my tale.  
 My fifth she prov'd a jealous wife,  
 Lord shield us all from such a life !  
 'Twas doubt, complaint, reply, chit-chat,  
 'Twas this to-day, to-morrow that.  
 Sometimes, forsooth, upon the brook  
 I kept a miss ; an honest rook

Told it a snipe, who told a steer,  
Who told it those who told it her.

One day a linnet and a lark  
Had met me strolling in the dark ;  
The next, a woodcock and an owl,  
Quick-sighted, grave, and sober fowl,  
Would on their corporal oath allege  
I kiss'd a hen behind the hedge.  
Well, Madam Turtle ; to be brief,  
(Repeating but renews our grief)  
As once she watch'd me from a rail,  
Poor soul ! her footing chanc'd to fail,  
And down she fell and broke her hip ;  
The fever came, and then the pip :  
Death did the only cure apply ;  
She was at quiet, so was I.

T. Could Love unmov'd these changes view ?  
His sorrows, as his joys, are true.

S. My dearest Dove, one wise man says,  
Alluding to our present case,  
' We're here to-day, and gone to-morrow ;'  
Then what avails superfluous sorrow ?  
Another, full as wise as he,  
Adds, that ' a married man may see  
Two happy hours ;' and which are they ?  
The first and last, perhaps you'll say :  
'Tis true, when blithe she goes to bed,  
And when she peaceably lies dead ;  
' Women 'twixt sheets are best,' 'tis said,  
Be they of holland or of lead.

Now cur'd of Hymen's hopes and fears,  
And sliding down the vale of years,  
I hop'd to fix my future rest,  
And took a widow to my nest.



Ah, Turtle! had she been like thee,  
Sober, yet gentle; wise, yet free;  
But she was peevish, noisy, bold,  
A witch ingrafted on a scold.  
Jove in Pandora's box confin'd  
A hundred ills to vex mankind;  
To vex one bird, in her bandore  
He hid at least a hundred more:  
And soon as time that veil withdrew,  
The plagues o'er all the parish flew:  
Her stock of borrow'd tears grew dry,  
And native tempests arm'd her eye;  
Black clouds around her forehead hung,  
And thunder rattled on her tongue.  
We, young or old, or cock or hen,  
All liv'd in Æolus's den;  
The nearer her the more accurst,  
Ill-far'd her friends, her husband worst;  
But Jove amidst his anger spares,  
Remarks our faults, but hears our pray'rs.  
In short she died. 'Why, then she's dead,'  
Quoth I, 'and once again I'll wed.'  
Would Heaven this mourning year were pass'd,  
One may have better luck at last.  
Matters at worst are sure to mend,  
The devil's wife was but a fiend.

T. Thy tale has rais'd a Turtle's spleen;  
Uxorious inmate! bird obscene!  
Dar'st thou defile these sacred groves,  
These silent seats of faithful loves?  
Begone; with flagging wings sit down  
On some old penthouse near the Town;  
In brewers' stables peck thy grain,  
Then wash it down with puddled rain,

And hear thy dirty offspring squall  
From bottles on a suburb-wall.  
Where thou hast been, return again,  
Vile bird ! thou hast convers'd with men ;  
Notions like these from men are given,  
Those vilest creatures under heaven.

To cities and to courts repair,  
Flattery and falsehood flourish there ;  
There all thy wretched arts employ,  
Where riches triumph over joy,  
Where passions do with interest barter,  
And Hymen holds by Mammon's charter ;  
Where truth by point of law is parry'd,  
And knaves and prudes are six times marry'd.

## APPLICATION.

O dearest daughter <sup>1</sup> of two dearest friends !  
To thee my Muse this little Tale commends :  
Loving and lov'd, regard thy future mate,  
Long love his person, though deplore his fate ;  
Seem young when old in thy dear husband's arms,  
For constant virtue has immortal charms ;  
And when I lie low sepulchred in earth,  
And the glad year returns thy day of birth,  
Vouchsafe to say, ' Ere I could write or spell,  
The Bard, who from my cradle wish'd me well,  
Told me I should the prating Sparrow blame,  
And bad me imitate the Turtle's flame.'

<sup>1</sup> Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, afterwards Duchess of Portland.

THE LADLE<sup>1</sup>.

THE Sceptics think 'twas long ago  
Since gods came down *incognito*,  
To see who were their friends or foes,  
And how our actions fell or rose ;  
That since they gave things their beginning,  
And set this whirligig a-spinning,  
Supine they in their heaven remain,  
Exempt from passion and from pain,  
And frankly leave us human elves  
To cut and shuffle for ourselves ;  
To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,  
As matter and as motion jumble.

The poets now, and painters, hold  
This thesis both absurd and bold,  
And your good-natur'd gods, they say,  
Descend some twice or thrice a-day,  
Else all these things we toil so hard in,  
Would not avail one single farthing ;  
For when the hero we rehearse,  
To grace his actions and our verse,  
'Tis not by dint of human thought  
That to his Latium he is brought ;  
Iris descends by Fate's commands,  
To guide his steps through foreign lands,  
And Amphitritè clears his way  
From rocks and quicksands in the sea.

<sup>1</sup> See Gayton's festive notes on *Don Quixotte*, whence this story is supposed to be taken.

And if you see him in a sketch,  
(Though drawn by Paulo or Carache)  
He shows not half his force and strength,  
Strutting in armour and at length ;  
That he may make his proper figure,  
The piece must yet be four yards bigger :  
The nymphs conduct him to the field,  
One holds his sword, and one his shield ;  
Mars, standing by, asserts his quarrel,  
And Fame flies after with a laurel.

These points, I say, of speculation,  
(As 'twere to save or sink the nation)  
Men, idly learned, will dispute,  
Assert, object, confirm, refute ;  
Each mighty angry, mighty right,  
With equal arms sustains the fight,  
Till now no umpire can agree them,  
So both draw off, and sing *Te Deum*.

Is it in equilibrio  
If deities descend or no ?  
Then let the' affirmative prevail,  
As requisite to form my Tale ;  
For by all parties 'tis confess'd  
That those opinions are the best,  
Which in their nature most conduce  
To present ends and private use.

Two gods came, therefore, from above,  
One Mercury, the other Jove ;  
The humour was, it seems, to know,  
If all the favours they bestow,  
Could from our own perverseness ease us,  
And if our wish enjoy'd would please us.  
Discoursing largely on this theme,  
O'er hills and dales their godships came,

Till well-nigh tir'd at almost night,  
They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,  
That in disguise a god or goddess  
Exerts no supernatural powers,  
But acts on maxims much like ours :  
They spied, at last, a country farm,  
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm ;  
For woods before, and hills behind,  
Secur'd it both from rain and wind :  
Large oxen in the field were lowing,  
Good grain was sow'd, good fruit was growing ;  
Of last year's corn in barns great store ;  
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door ;  
And Wealth, in short, with Peace consented,  
That people here should live contented ;  
But did they in effect do so ?  
Have patience, friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest farmer and his wife,  
To years declin'd from prime of life,  
Had struggled with the marriage noose,  
As almost every couple does :  
Sometimes ' My plague ! ' sometimes ' My darling ! '  
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling ;  
Jointly submitting to endure  
That evil which admits no cure.

Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd ;  
Our farmer met them in the yard ;  
Thought they were folks that lost their way,  
And ask'd them civilly to stay ;  
Told them, for supper, or for bed,  
They might go on and be worse sped.—

So said, so done ; the gods consent ;  
All three into the parlour went :

They compliment, they sit, they chat,  
Fight o'er the wars, reform the state ;  
A thousand knotty points they clear,  
Till supper and my wife appear.

Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the dame ;  
Obsequious Hermes did the same.

Jove kiss'd the farmer's wife, you say !

He did—but in an honest way :

Oh ! not with half that warmth and life

With which he kiss'd Amphytryon's wife.—

Well, then, things handsomely were serv'd ;

My mistress for the strangers carv'd.

How strong the beer, how good the meat,

How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,

In epic sumptuous would appear,

Yet shall be pass'd in silence here ;

For I should grieve to have it said

That, by a fine description led,

I made my episode too long,

Or tir'd my friend, to grace my song.

The grace-cup serv'd, the cloth away,

Jove thought it time to show his play :

' Landlord and landlady,' he cried,

' Folly and jesting laid aside,

That ye thus hospitably live,

And strangers with good cheer receive,

Is mighty grateful to your betters,

And makes e'en gods themselves your debtors.

To give this thesis plainer proof,

You have to-night beneath your roof

A pair of gods : (nay, never wonder)

This youth can fly, and I can thunder.

I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,

My page, my son, indeed, but spurious.

Form then three wishes, you and Madam,  
And, sure as you already had them,  
The things desir'd, in half an hour  
Shall all be here, and in your pow'r.'

'Thank ye, great gods,' the woman says;  
'Oh! may your altars ever blaze!

A Ladle for our silver dish  
Is what I want, is what I wish.'—

'A Ladle!' cries the man, 'a Ladle!  
'Odzooks, Corisca, you have pray'd ill!  
What should be great you turn to farce,  
I wish the Ladle in your a—.'

With equal grief and shame my Muse  
The sequel of the Tale pursues:  
The Ladle fell into the room,  
And stuck in old Corisca's bum.  
Our couple weep two wishes past,  
And kindly join to form the last;  
To ease the woman's awkward pain,  
And get the Ladle out again.

## MORAL.

THIS commoner has worth and parts,  
Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts;  
His head aches for a coronet,  
And who is bless'd that is not great?

Some sense, and more estate, kind Heav'n  
To this well-lotted peer has given:  
What then? he must have rule and sway,  
And all is wrong till he's in play.

The miser must make up his plum,  
And dares not touch the hoarded sum;  
The sickly dotard wants a wife,  
To draw off his last dregs of life.

Against our peace we arm our will ;  
Anidst our plenty something still  
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,  
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting :  
That cruel something unpossess'd,  
Corrodes and leavens all the rest :  
That something, if we could obtain,  
Would soon create a future pain ;  
And to the coffin, from the cradle,  
'Tis all a wish, and all a Ladle.

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### *TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.*

ONCE on a time, in sunshine weather,  
Falsehood and Truth walk'd out together,  
The neighbouring woods and lawns to view,  
As opposites will sometimes do :  
Through many a blooming mead they past,  
And at a brook arriv'd at last :  
The purling stream, the margin green,  
With flowers bedeck'd, a vernal scene,  
Invited each itinerant maid  
To rest a while beneath the shade ;  
Under a spreading beech they sat,  
And pass'd the time with female chat ;  
Whilst each her character maintain'd,  
One spoke her thoughts, the other feign'd.  
At length, quoth Falsehood, ' Sister Truth,  
(For so she call'd her from her youth)  
What if, to shun you sultry beam,  
We bathe in this delightful stream,



'The bottom smooth, the water clear,  
 And there's no prying shepherd near?'—  
 'With all my heart,' the nymph replied,  
 And threw her snowy robes aside,  
 Stript herself naked to the skin,  
 And with a spring leap'd headlong in.  
 Falsehood more leisurely undress'd,  
 And laying by her tawdry vest,  
 Trick'd herself out in Truth's array,  
 And cross the meadows tript away.

From this curst hour, the fraudulent dame  
 Of sacred Truth usurps the name,  
 And with a vile perfidious mind,  
 Roams far and near, to cheat mankind ;  
 False sighs suborns, and artful tears,  
 And starts with vain, pretended fears ;  
 In visits, still appears most wise,  
 And rolls at church her saint-like eyes ;  
 Talks very much, plays idle tricks,  
 While rising stock <sup>1</sup> her conscience pricks ;  
 When being, poor thing, extremely gravell'd,  
 She secrets opc'd, and all unravell'd.  
 But on she will, and secrets tell  
 Of John and Joan, Ned and Nell,  
 Reviling every one she knows,  
 As fancy leads, beneath the rose.  
 Her tongue so voluble and kind,  
 It always runs before her mind ;  
 As times do serve she slily pleads,  
 And copious tears still show her needs,  
 With promises as thick as weeds :—  
 Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wondrous civil,  
 To day a saint, to-morrow devil.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the South Sea bubble in 1720.

Poor Truth she stript, as has been said,  
And naked left the lovely maid,  
Who scorning from her cause to wince,  
Has gone stark-naked ever since,  
And ever naked will appear,  
Belov'd by all who Truth revere.

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### THE MICE.

TO MR. ADRIAN DRIFT<sup>1</sup>.

Two mice, dear boy, of genteel fashion,  
And, what is more, good education,  
Frolic and gay, in infant years  
Equally shar'd their parents' cares.  
The sire of these two babes (poor creature!)  
Paid his last debt to human nature ;  
A wealthy widow left behind  
Four babes ; three male, one female kind.  
The sire being under ground, and buried,  
'Twas thought his spouse would soon have married ;  
Matches propos'd, and numerous suitors,  
Most tender husbands, careful tutors,  
She modestly refus'd, and show'd  
She'd be a mother to her brood.

Mother, dear mother, that endearing thought  
Has thousand and ten thousand fancies brought :  
Tell me, oh ! tell me (thou art now above)  
How to describe thy true maternal love,

<sup>1</sup> This gentleman had been Prior's secretary, and was left his joint executor.

Thy early pangs, thy growing anxious cares,  
 Thy flattering hopes, thy fervent pious pray'rs,  
 Thy doleful days, and melancholy nights,  
 Cloister'd from common joys and just delights :  
 How didst thou constantly in private mourn,  
 And wash with daily tears thy spouse's urn !  
 How it employ'd your thoughts and lucid time,  
 That your young offspring might to honour climb :  
 How your first care, by numerous griefs oppress'd,  
 Under the burden sunk, and went to rest ;  
 How your dear darling, by consumption's waste,  
 Breath'd her last piety into your breast ;  
 How you, alas ! tir'd with your pilgrimage,  
 Bow'd down your head, and died in good old age.  
 Though not inspir'd, oh ! may I never be  
 Forgetful of my pedigree or thee :

Ungrateful howsoe'er, mayn't I forget  
 To pay this small, yet tributary debt ;  
 And when we meet at God's tribunal throne,  
 Own me, I pray thee, for a pious son !

But why all this ? Is this your fable ?  
 Believe me, Matt, it seems a bauble ;  
 If you will let me know the' intent on't,  
 Go to your Mice, and make an end on't.

Well then, dear Brother—

As sure as Hudi's<sup>2</sup> sword could swaddle,  
 Two Mice were brought up in one cradle ;  
 Well-bred, I think, of equal port,  
 One for the gown, one for the court.  
 They parted, (did they so, an't please you ?)  
 Yes, that they did (dear sir) to ease you ;  
 One went to Holland, where they huff folk,  
 T' other to vent his wares in Suffolk.

<sup>2</sup> The sword of Hudibras.

(That Mice have travell'd in old times,  
Horace and Prior tell in rhymes,  
Those two great wonders of their ages,  
Superior far to all the sages.)  
Many days past, and many a night,  
Ere they could gain each other's sight ;  
At last in weather cold nor sultry,  
They met at the Three Cranes in Poultry.  
After much buss, and great grimace,  
(Usual you know in such a case)  
Much chat arose what had been done,  
What might before next summer's sun ;  
Much said of France, of Suffolk's goodness,  
The gentry's loyalty, mob's rudeness :  
That ended, o'er a charming bottle  
They enter'd on this tittle-tattle.

Quoth Suffolk, ' By pre-eminence  
In years, though (God knows) not in sense,  
All's gone, dear Brother, only we  
Remain to raise posterity ;  
Marry you, Brother ; I'll go down,  
Sell nouns and verbs, and lie alone.  
May you ne'er meet with feuds or babble,  
May olive-branches crown your table.  
Somewhat I'll save, and, for this end,  
To prove a brother and a friend,  
What I propose is just, I swear it,  
Or may I perish, by this claret !'  
' The dice are thrown, choose this or that,  
( 'Tis all alike to honest Matt)  
I'll take then the contrary part,  
And propagate with all my heart.'  
After some thought, some Portuguese <sup>3</sup>,  
Some wine, the younger thus replies :

<sup>3</sup> Snuff so called.

‘ Fair are your words, as fair your carriage,  
Let me be free, drudge you in marriage ;  
Get me a boy call’d Adrian ;  
Trust me I’ll do for’t what I can.’  
Home went, well pleas’d, the Suffolk Tony,  
Heart-free from care, as purse from money ;  
He got a lusty squalling boy ;  
(Doubtless the dad’s and mammy’s joy)  
In short, to make things square and even,  
Adrian he nam’d was, by Dick Stephen.  
Matt’s debt thus paid ; he now enlarges,  
And sends you in a bill of charges ;  
A cradle, Brother, and a basket,  
(Granted as soon as e’er I ask’d it)  
A coat not of the smallest scantling,  
Frocks, stockings, shoes, to grace the bantling ;  
These, too, were sent, (or I’m no drubber)  
Nay, add to these the fine gum-rubber<sup>4</sup> ;  
Yet these won’t do, send t’ other coat,  
For faith the first’s not worth a groat ;  
Disinally shrunk, as herrings shotten,  
Suppos’d originally rotten.  
Pray let the next be each way longer,  
Of stuff more durable and stronger ;  
Send it next week ; if you are able ;  
By this time, sir, you know the fable.  
From this, and letters of the same make,  
You’ll find what ’tis to have a namesake.  
Cold and hard times, sir, here, (believe it)  
I’ve lost my curate too, and grieve it ;  
At Easter, for what I can see,  
(A time of ease and vacancy)

<sup>4</sup> Commonly called a coral.

If things but alter, and not undone,  
 I'll kiss your hands and visit London.  
 Molly sends greeting ; so do I, sir :  
 Send a good coat, that's all : good b'ye, sir.  
 Your's entirely

MATTHEW.

Feb. 16, 1708-9.

TO

*A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.*

' FROM public noise and factious strife,  
 From all the busy ills of life,  
 Take me, my Celia, to thy breast,  
 And lull my wearied soul to rest :  
 For ever in this humble cell,  
 Let thee and I, my fair-one, dwell ;  
 None enter else, but Love—and he  
 Shall bar the door, and keep the key.

' To painted roofs and shining spires,  
 (Uneasy seats of high desires)  
 Let the unthinking many crowd,  
 That dare be covetous and proud ;  
 In golden bondage let them wait,  
 And barter happiness for state :  
 But, oh ! my Celia, when thy swain  
 Desires to see a court again,  
 May Heav'n around this destin'd head  
 The choicest of its curses shed :  
 'To sum up all the rage of fate,  
 In the two things I dread and hate,  
 May'st thou be false, and I be great.'

}

Thus, on his Celia's panting breast  
 Fond Celadon his soul express'd ;  
 While with delight the lovely maid  
 Receiv'd the vows, she thus repaid :

‘ Hope of my age, joy of my youth,  
 Bless'd miracle of love and truth ;  
 All that could e'er be counted mine,  
 My love and life, long since are thine :  
 A real joy I never knew,  
 Till I believ'd thy passion true ;  
 A real grief I ne'er can find,  
 Till thou prov'st perjur'd or unkind.  
 Content, and poverty, and care,  
 All we abhor, and all we fear,  
 Bless'd with thy presence I can bear.  
 Through waters and through flames I'll go.  
 Sufferer and solace of thy woe :  
 Trace me some yet unheard-of way,  
 That I thy ardour may repay,  
 And make my constant passion known  
 By more than woman yet has done.

‘ Had I a wish that did not bear  
 The stamp and image of my dear,  
 I'd pierce my heart through every vein,  
 And die, to let it out again.

No ; Venus shall my witness be,  
 (If Venus ever lov'd like me)  
 That for one hour I would not quit  
 My shepherd's arms and this retreat,  
 To be the Persian monarch's bride,  
 Partner of all his power and pride ;  
 Or rule in regal state above,  
 Mother of gods and wife of Jove.’

O happy these of human race !  
But soon, alas ! our pleasures pass.  
He thank'd her on his bended knee,  
Then drank a quart of milk and tea,  
And leaving her ador'd embrace,  
Hasten'd to court to beg a place ;  
While she, his absence to bemoan,  
The very moment he was gone,  
Call'd Thyrsis from beneath the bed,  
Where all this time he had been hid.

## MORAL.

WHILE men have these ambitious fancies,  
And wanton wenches read romances,  
Our sex will—' What? out with it :—*Lie*,  
And their's in equal strains reply.  
The moral of the Tale I sing  
(A posey for a wedding ring)  
In this short verse will be confin'd ;  
Love is a jest, and vows are wind.

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## THE CONVERSATION.

It always has been thought discreet  
To know the company you meet ;  
And sure there may be secret danger  
In talking much before a stranger.  
' Agreed : what then? ' Then drink your ale ;  
I'll pledge you, and repeat my Tale.



No matter where the scene is fix'd,  
The persons were but oddly mix'd ;  
When sober Damon thus began,  
(And Damon is a clever man)  
' I now grow old, but still from youth  
Have held for modesty and truth :  
The men who by these sea-marks steer  
In life's great voyage never err :  
Upon this point I dare defy  
The world ; I pause for a reply.'

' Sir, either is a good assistant,  
(Said one, who sat a little distant ;)  
Truth decks our speeches and our books,  
And modesty adorns our looks :  
But farther progress we must take ;  
Not only born to look and speak,  
The man must act. The Stagirite  
Says thus, and says extremely right :  
Strict justice is the sovereign guide  
That o'er our actions should preside ;  
This queen of virtues is confess'd  
To regulate and bind the rest ;  
Thrice happy if you can but find  
Her equal balance poise your mind ;  
All different graces soon will enter,  
Like lines concurrent to their centre.'

'Twas thus, in short, these two went on,  
With yea and nay, and *pro* and *con*,  
Through many points divinely dark,  
And Waterland assaulting Clarke,  
Till, in theology half lost,  
Damon took up the Evening Post,  
Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,  
And deep in politics held forth.

‘ Methinks we’re in the like condition,  
As at the Treaty of Partition :  
That stroke, for all King William’s care,  
Begot another tedious war.  
Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,  
Ne’er much approv’d that mystic league :  
In the vile Utrecht Treaty, too,  
Poor man ! he found enough to do.  
Sometimes to me he did apply,  
But downright Dunstable was I,  
And told him where they were mistaken,  
And counsell’d him to save his bacon :  
But (pass his politics and prose)  
I never herded with his foes ;  
Nay, in his verses, as a friend,  
I still found something to commend :  
Sir, I excus’d his Nut-brown Maid,  
Whate’er severer critics said ;  
Too far, I own, the girl was tried ;  
The women all were on my side.  
For Alma I return’d him thanks ;  
I lik’d her, with her little pranks :  
Indeed poor Solomon, in rhyme,  
Was much too grave to be sublime.’

Pindar and Damon scorn transition,  
So on he ran a new division ;  
Till out of breath he turn’d to spit ;  
(Chance often helps us more than wit)  
T’ other that lucky moment took,  
Just nick’d the time, broke in, and spoke :

‘ Of all the gifts the gods afford,  
(If we may take old Tully’s word)  
The greatest is a friend ; whose love  
Knows how to praise, and when reprove :

From such a treasure never part,  
But hang the jewel on your heart :  
And pray, sir, (it delights me) tell,  
You know this author mighty well'—  
' Know him ! d'ye question it? Odds fish !  
Sir, does a beggar know his dish?  
I lov'd him, as I told you, I  
Advis'd him'—Here a stander-by  
Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,  
And thus, unwilling, silence broke :  
' Damon, 'tis time we should retire,  
The man you talk with, is Matt Prior.'

Patron through life, and from thy birth my friend,  
Dorset ! to thee this Fable let me send ;  
With Damon's lightness weigh thy solid worth ;  
The foil is known to set the diamond forth :  
Let the feign'd Tale this real moral give,  
How many Damons, how few Dorsets live.

*P. PURGANTI AND HIS WIFE.*

AN HONEST BUT A SIMPLE PAIR.

Est enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni virtute, quod  
deceat: quod cogitatione magis a virtute potest quam re  
separari. CIC. de Off. lib. 1.

BEYOND the fix'd and settled rules  
Of vice and virtue in the schools,  
Beyond the letter of the law,  
Which keeps our men and maids in awe,  
The better sort should set before them  
A grace, a manner, a decorum ;  
Something that gives their acts a light,  
Makes them not only just but bright,  
And sets them in that open fame  
Which witty Malice cannot blame.

For 'tis in life as 'tis in painting,  
Much may be right, yet much be wanting ;  
From lines drawn true our eye may trace,  
A foot, a knee, a hand, a face ;  
May justly own the picture wrought  
Exact to rule, exempt from fault ;  
Yet if the colouring be not there,  
The Titian stroke, the Guido air,  
To nicest judgment show the piece,  
At best 'twill only not displease ;  
It would not gain on Jersey's eye ;  
Bradford would frown, and set it by.

Thus in the picture of our mind  
 The action may be well design'd,  
 Guided by law, and bound by duty,  
 Yet want this *je ne sçai quoi* of beauty :  
 And though its error may be such

As Knags and Burgess <sup>1</sup> cannot hit ;  
 It yet may feel the nicer touch

Of Wycherly's or Congreve's wit.

'What is this talk?' replies a friend,  
 'And where will this dry moral end?

The truth of what you here lay down  
 By some example should be shown.'—

'With all my heart—for once ; read on.'

An honest, but a simple pair,

(And twenty other I forbear)

May serve to make this thesis clear.

'A doctor of great skill and fame,

Paulo Purganti was his name,

Had a good, comely, virtuous wife,

No woman led a better life ;

She to intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted ;

She chuckled when a bawd was carted ;

And thought the nation ne'er would thrive,

Till all the whores were burnt alive.

On married men that dar'd be bad,

She thought no mercy should be had ;

They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or flay'd,

Or serv'd like Romish priests in Swede.—

In short, all lewdness she defied ;

And stiff was her parochial pride.

Yet in an honest way the dame

Was a great lover of that same ;

<sup>1</sup> Knags was lecturer of St. Giles in the Fields ; Burgess was a dissenter.

And could from Scripture take her cue,  
That husbands should give wives their due.

Her prudence did so justly steer  
Between the gay and the severe,  
That if in some regards she chose  
To curb poor Paulo in too close,  
In others she relax'd again,  
And govern'd with a looser rein.

Thus, though she strictly did confine  
The Doctor from excess of wine,  
With oysters, eggs, and vermicelli,  
She let him almost burst his belly :  
Thus drying coffee was denied,  
But chocolate that loss supplied ;  
And for tobacco (who could bear it ?)  
Filthy concomitant of claret,  
(Blest revolution ! ) one might see  
Eringo roots and Bohea tea.

She often set the Doctor's band,  
And strok'd his beard, and squeez'd his hand ;  
Kindly complain'd, that afternoon  
He went to pore on books too soon ;  
She held it wholesomer, by much,  
To rest a little, on the couch.—  
About his waist in bed a-nights  
She clung so close—for fear of sprites.

The Doctor understood the call,  
But had not always wherewithal.

The lion's skin, too short, you know,  
(As Plutarch's morals finely show)  
Was lengthen'd by the fox's tail,  
And art supplies where strength may fail.

Unwilling, then, in arms to meet  
The enemy he could not beat ;

He strove to lengthen the campaign,  
And save his forces by chicane.  
Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus  
By fair retreat grew Maximus,  
Shows us, that all the warrior can do  
With force inferior, is *cunctando*.

One day, then, as the foe drew near,  
With love, and joy, and life, and dear;  
Our Don, who knew this tittle-tattle  
Did, sure as trumpet, call to battle;  
Thought it extremely *à propos*,  
To ward against the coming blow :  
To ward; but how? Aye, there's the question,  
Fierce the assault, unarm'd the bastion.

The Doctor feign'd a strange surprise ;  
He felt her pulse, he view'd her eyes :  
That beat too fast, these roll'd too quick ;  
She was, he said, or would be sick :  
He judg'd it absolutely good  
That she should purge and cleanse her blood.  
Spaw waters for that end were got :  
If they past easily or not  
What matters it? the lady's fever  
Continued violent as ever.

For a distemper of this kind,  
(Blackmore and Hans<sup>2</sup> are of my mind)  
If once it youthful blood infects,  
And chiefly of the female sex,  
Is scarce remov'd by pill or potion,  
Whate'er might be our Doctor's notion.

One luckless night, then, as in bed  
The Doctor and the dame were laid,

<sup>2</sup> Sir Richard Blackmore, and Sir Edward Hans, physicians.

Again this cruel fever came,  
High pulse, short breath, and blood in flame.  
What measures shall poor Paulo keep

With madam in this piteous taking?

She, like Macbeth, has murder'd sleep,

And won't allow him rest, though waking.

Sad state of matters ! when we dare

Nor ask for peace, nor offer war ;

Nor Livy nor Comines have shown

What in this juncture may be done.

Grotius might own that Paulo's case is

Harder than any, which he places

Amongst his Belli and his Pacis.

He strove, alas ! but strove in vain,

By dint of logic, to maintain

That all the sex was born to grieve,

Down to her ladyship from Eve.

He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience ;

Back'd his opinion with quotations,

Divines and moralists, and run ye on

Quite through from Seneca to Bunyan <sup>3</sup>.

As much in vain he bid her try

To fold her arms, to close her eye,

Telling her rest would do her good,

If any thing in nature cou'd ;

So held the Greeks, quite down from Galen,

Masters and princes of the calling :

So all our modern friends maintain

(Though no great Greeks) in Warwick Lane.

Reduce, my Muse, the wandering song ;

A Tale should never be too long.

The more he talk'd, the more she burn'd,

And sigh'd, and toss'd, and groan'd, and turn'd :

<sup>3</sup> Author of the Pilgrim's Progress.



At last, 'I wish,' said she, 'my dear'—  
(And whisper'd something in his ear.)  
'You wish! wish on,' the Doctor cries,  
'Lord! when will womankind be wise?  
What, in your waters, are you mad?  
Why, poison is not half so bad.  
I'll do it—but I give you warning,  
You'll die before to-morrow morning.'—  
'Tis kind, my dear, what you advise,  
(The lady with a sigh replies)  
But life, you know, at best is pain,  
And death is what we should disdain:  
So do it, therefore, and adieu,  
For I will die for love of you.—  
Let wanton wives by death be scar'd;  
But, to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.'

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### *PROTOGENES AND APELLES.*

WHEN poets wrote and painters drew,  
As Nature pointed out the view;  
Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece,  
To spoil the well-proportion'd piece;  
And in our verse ere Monkish rhymes  
Had jangled their fantastic chimes;  
Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes  
Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,  
Who knew not much to paint or write,  
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight;  
Protophenes, historians note,  
Liv'd there, a burgess, scot and lot;

And, as old Pliny's writings show,  
Apelles did the same at Co.  
Agreed these points of time and place,  
Proceed we in the present case.

Piqued by Protogenes's fame,  
From Co to Rhodes Apelles came,  
To see a rival and a friend,  
Prepar'd to censure, or commend ;  
Here to absolve, and there object,  
As art with candour might direct.  
He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings ;  
His servants follow with the things :  
Appears the governante o' th' house,  
For such in Greece were much in use ;  
If young or handsome, yea or no,  
Concerns not me or thee to know.  
' Does 'Squire Protogenes live here?'—  
' Yes, sir, (says she, with gracious air,  
And court'sy low) but just call'd out  
By lords peculiarly devout,  
Who came on purpose, sir, to borrow  
Our Venus, for the feast to-morrow,  
To grace the church : 'tis Venus' day :  
I hope, sir, you intend to stay  
To see our Venus : 'tis the piece  
The most renown'd throughout all Greece ;  
So like the' original, they say ;  
But I have no great skill that way.  
But, sir, at six, 'tis now past three)  
Dromo must make my master's tea :  
At six, sir, if you please to come,  
You'll find my master, sir, at home.'

Tea, says a critic, big with laughter,  
Was found some twenty ages after :

Authors, before they write, should read.

'Tis very true ; but we'll proceed.

' And, sir, at present would you please  
To leave your name'—' Fair maiden, yes :  
Reach me that board.' No sooner spoke  
But done. With one judicious stroke  
On the plain ground Apelles drew  
A circle regularly true.

' And will you please, Sweetheart,' said he,

' To shew your master this from me ?

By it he presently will know

How painters write their names at Co.

He gave the pannel to the maid :

Smiling, and curt'sying, ' Sir,' she said,

' I shall not fail to tell my master :

And, sir, for fear of all disaster,

I'll keep it my own self : Safe bind,

Says the old proverb, and safe find.

So, sir, as sure as key or lock—

Your servant, sir—at six a clock.'

Again at six Apelles came,

Found the same prating civil dame :

' Sir, that my master has been here,

Will by the board itself appear :

If from the perfect line he found,

He has presum'd to swell the round,

Or colours on the draught to lay,

'Tis thus (he ordered me to say)

Thus write the painters of this isle ;

Let those of Co. remark the style.'

She said ; and to his hand restor'd

The rival pledge, the missive board.

Upon the happy line were laid

Such obvious light and easy shade,

That Paris' apple stood confess'd,  
Or Leda's egg, or Chloe's breast.

Apelles view'd the finish'd piece ;  
' And live,' said he, ' the arts of Greece !  
Howe'er Protogenes and I  
May in our rival talents vie ;  
Howe'er our works may have express'd  
Who truest drew, or colour'd best ;  
When he beheld my flowing line,  
He found, at least, I could design ;  
And from his artful round, I grant,  
That he with perfect skill can paint.'

The dullest genius cannot fail  
To find the moral of my Tale ;  
That the distinguish'd part of men,  
With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,  
Should in life's visit leave their name  
In characters, which may proclaim  
That they with ardour strove to raise  
At once their art's and country's praise ;  
And in their working took great care  
That all was full, and round, and fair.

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### HANS CARVEL.

HANS Carvel, impotent and old,  
Married a lass of London mould :  
Handsome enough ; extremely gay ;  
Lov'd music, company, and play :  
High flights she had, and wit at will,  
And so her tongue lay seldom still ;

For in all visits who but she  
To argue or to repartee?

She made it plain that human passion  
Was order'd by predestination ;  
That if weak women went astray,  
Their stars were more in fault than they.  
Whole tragedies she had by heart ;  
Enter'd into Roxana's part ;  
To triumph in her rival's blood,  
The action certainly was good.  
How like a vine young Ammon curl'd !  
Oh, that dear conqueror of the world !  
She pitied Betterton in age,  
That ridicul'd the godlike rage.

She, first of all the Town, was told  
Where newest India things were sold ;  
So in a morning, without bodice,  
Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. Thody's  
To cheapen tea, to buy a screen ;  
What else could so much virtue mean ?  
For, to prevent the least reproach,  
Betty went with her in the coach.

But when no very great affair  
Excited her peculiar care,  
She without fail was wak'd at ten,  
Drank chocolate, then slept again :  
At twelve she rose ; with much ado  
Her clothes were huddled on by two :  
Then, ' does my lady dine at home ?'  
' Yes, sure ;—but is the Colonel come ?'  
Next, how to spend the afternoon,  
And not come home again too soon ;  
The 'Change, the city, or the play,  
As each was proper for the day ;

A turn in summer to Hyde-Park,  
When it grew tolerably dark.

Wife's pleasure causes husband's pain ;  
Strange fancies come in Hans's brain :  
He thought of what he did not name,  
And would reform, but durst not blame.  
At first he, therefore, preach'd his wife  
The comforts of a pious life ;  
Told her how transient beauty was ;  
That all must die, and flesh was grass :  
He bought her sermons, psalms, and graces,  
And doubled down the useful places :  
But still the weight of worldly care  
Allow'd her little time for pray'r ;  
And Cleopatra <sup>1</sup> was read o'er,  
While Scot <sup>2</sup>, and Wake <sup>3</sup>, and twenty more,  
That teach one to deny one's self,  
Stood unmolested on the shelf.  
An untouch'd Bible grac'd her toilet,  
No fear that thumb of her's should spoil it.  
In short, the trade was still the same ;  
The Dame went out, the Colonel came.  
'What's to be done?' poor Carvel cried ;  
'Another battery must be tried :  
What if to spells I had recourse ?  
'Tis but to hinder something worse.  
The end must justify the means ;  
He only sins who ill intends :  
Since, therefore, 'tis to combat evil,  
'Tis lawful to employ the devil.'

<sup>1</sup> A novel, much read by the ladies at that time.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. John Scot, author of the Christian Life.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. William Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Forthwith the devil did appear,  
 (For name him, and he's always near)  
 Not in the shape in which he plies  
 At miss's elbow when she lies,  
 Or stands before the nursery doors,  
 To take the naughty boy that roars ;  
 But, without saucer eye or claw,  
 Like a grave barrister at law.

‘ Hans Carvel, lay aside your grief,’  
 The devil says ; ‘ I bring relief.’  
 ‘ Relief!’ says Hans ; ‘ pray let me crave  
 Your name, sir?’—‘ Satan.’—‘ Sir, your slave.  
 I did not look upon your feet ;  
 You’ll pardon me—Aye, now I see’t.  
 And pray, sir, when came you from hell?  
 Our friends there, did you leave them well?’  
 ‘ All well ; but, pr’ythee, honest Hans,’  
 Says Satan, ‘ leave your complaisance :  
 The truth is this ; I cannot stay  
 Flaring in sunshine all the day,  
 For, *entre nous*, we hellish sprites  
 Love more the fresco of the nights,  
 And oft’ner our receipts convey  
 In dreams, than any other way.  
 I tell you, therefore, as a friend,  
 Ere morning dawus your fears shall end :  
 Go then this evening, Master Carvel,  
 Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel ;  
 Let friends and wine dissolve your care,  
 Whilst I the great receipt prepare—  
 To-night I’ll bring it, by my faith ;  
 Believe for once what Satan saith.’

Away went Hans ; glad not a little ;  
 Obey’d the devil to a tittle :

Invited friends some half a dozen,  
The Col'nel and my Lady's cousin.  
The meat was scrv'd, the bowls were crown'd,  
Catches were sung, and healths went round ;  
Barbadoes' waters for the close ;  
Till Hans had fairly got his dose :  
The Col'nel toasted, to the best ;  
The Dame mov'd off to be undress'd :  
The chimes went twelve ; the guests withdrew ;  
But when, or how, Hans hardly knew :  
Some modern anecdotes aver  
He nodded in his elbow-chair ;  
From thence was carried off to bed ;  
John held his heels, and Nan his head ;  
My Lady was disturb'd ; new sorrow !  
Which Hans must answer for to-morrow.

In bed then view this happy pair,  
And think how Hymen triumph'd there :  
Hans, fast asleep, as soon as laid,  
The duty of the night unpaid ;  
The waking Dame, with thoughts oppress'd,  
That made her hate both him and rest :  
By such a husband, such a wife !  
'Twas Acme's and Septimius' life :  
The lady sigh'd ; the lover snor'd ;  
The punctual devil kept his word ;  
Appear'd to honest Hans again,  
But not at all by Madam seen ;  
And giving him a magic ring,  
Fit for the finger of a king,  
' Dear Hans,' said he, ' this jewel take,  
And wear it long for Satan's sake ;  
'Twill do your business to a hair ;  
For long as you this ring shall wear,



As sure as I look over Lincoln,  
That ne'er shall happen which you think on.'

Hans took the ring with joy extreme,  
(All this was only in a dream)  
And thrusting it beyond his joint,  
' 'Tis done,' he cry'd; ' I 've gain'd my point.'—  
' What point,' said she, ' you ugly beast?  
You neither give me joy nor rest.'  
' 'Tis done.'—' What's done, you drunken bear?  
You 've thrust your finger —— knows where !'

## PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

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### PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY LORD BUCKHURST,

*In Westminster-School, at Christmas, 1695, in the Character of Cleonidas, in Mr. Dryden's Cleomenes.*

PISH ; Lord, I wish this Prologue was but Greek,  
Then young Cleonidas would boldly speak :  
But can Lord Buckhurst in poor English say,  
' Gentle Spectators, pray excuse the play ?'  
No, witness all ye gods of ancient Greece,  
Rather than condescend to terms like these,  
I'd go to school six hours on Christmas-day,  
Or construe Persius while my comrades play.  
Such work by hireling actors should be done,  
Who tremble when they see a critic frown :  
Poor rogues, that smart like fencers for their bread,  
And, if they are not wounded, are not fed.  
But, sirs, our labour has more noble ends,  
We act our tragedy to see our friends :  
Our generous scenes are for pure love repeated,  
And if you are not pleas'd, at least you 're treated.  
The candles and the clothes ourselves we bought,  
Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.

To learn our parts we left our midnight bed;  
 Most of you snor'd whilst Cleomenes read:  
 Not that from this confession we would sue  
 Praise undeserv'd; we know ourselves and you:  
 Resolv'd to stand or perish by our cause,  
 We neither censure fear, nor beg applause,  
 For these are Westminster and Sparta's laws. }  
 Yet if we see some judgment well inclin'd,  
 To young desert and growing virtue kind,  
 That critic by ten thousand marks should know  
 That greatest souls to goodness only bow;  
 And that your little hero does inherit  
 Not Cleomenes' more than Dorset's spirit.

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### PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT COURT BEFORE THE QUEEN,

*On her Majesty's Birth-Day, 1704.*

SHINE forth, ye planets, with distinguish'd light,  
 As when ye hallow'd first this happy night;  
 Again transmit your friendly beams to earth,  
 As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's birth:  
 And thou, propitious star, whose sacred pow'r  
 Presided o'er the monarch's natal hour,  
 Thy radiant voyages for ever run,  
 Yielding to none but Cynthia and the Sun,  
 With thy fair aspect still illustrate heav'n,  
 Kindly preserve what thou hast greatly giv'n;  
 Thy influence for thy Anna we implore;  
 Prolong one life, and Britain asks no more;



## PROLOGUE TO THE ORPHAN.

SPOKEN BY LORD DUPLIN, WHO ACTED CORDELIO.

*Represented by some of the Westminster Scholars, at Hickford's Dancing-Room, in Panton-Street, near Leicester Fields, the 2d of February, 1720.*

WHAT! would my humble comrades have me say,  
Gentle Spectators, pray excuse the play?  
Such work by hireling actors should be done,  
Whom you may clap or hiss for half a crown:  
Our generous scenes for friendship we repeat,  
And if we don't delight, at least we treat.  
Ours is the damage; if we chance to blunder,  
We may be ask'd whose patent we act under?  
How shall we gain you, A-la-mode de France?  
We hir'd this room, but none of us can dance;  
In cutting capers we shall never please;  
Our learning does not lie below our knees.

Shall we procure you symphony and sound?  
Then you must each subscribe two hundred pound;  
There we should fail, too, as to point of voice;  
Mistake us not; we're no Italian boys:  
True Britons born, from Westminster we come,  
And only speak the style of ancient Rome.  
We would deserve, not poorly beg, applause,  
And stand or fall, by Freind's and Busby's laws.

For the distress'd your pity we implore;  
If once refus'd, we'll trouble you no more,  
But leave our Orphan squalling at your door. }

*EPILOGUE TO PHÆDRA*<sup>1</sup>.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD, WHO ACTED ISMENA.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore  
For one who never troubled you before ;  
An Oxford-man, extremely read in Greek,  
Who from Euripides makes Phædra speak,  
And comes to Town to let us Moderns know  
How women lov'd two thousand years ago.

If that be all, said I, e'en burn your play ;  
I'gad! we know all that as well as they :  
Show us the youthful, handsome charioteer,  
Firm in his seat, and running his career,  
Our souls will kindle with as generous flames  
As e'er inspir'd the ancient Grecian dames ;  
Every Ismena would resign her breast,  
And every dear Hippolytus be bless'd.

But as it is, six flouncing Flanders mares  
Are e'en as good as any two of theirs ;  
And if Hippolytus can but contrive  
To buy the gilded chariot, John can drive.

Now of the bustle you have seen to-day,  
And Phædra's morals in this scholar's play,  
Something at least in justice should be said ;  
But this Hippolytus so fills one's head—  
Well ! Phædra liv'd as chastly as she could,  
For she was Father Jove's own flesh and blood.  
Her awkward love, indeed, was oddly fated ;  
She and her Poly were too near related ;

<sup>1</sup> Phædra and Hippolytus, a tragedy, written by Mr. Edmund Smith.

And yet that scruple had been laid aside,  
 If honest Thesens had but fairly died :  
 But when he came, what needed he to know  
 But that all matters stood in *statu quo* ?  
 There was no harm, you see ; or grant there were,  
 She might want conduct, but he wanted care.  
 'Twas in a husband little less than rude,  
 Upon his wife's retirement to intrude—  
 He should have sent, a night or two before,  
 That he would come exact at such an hour ;  
 Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jest,  
 Found every thing contribute to his rest,  
 The piquet-friend dismiss'd, the coast all clear,  
 And spouse alone, impatient for her dear.

But if these gay reflections come too late  
 To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate ;  
 If your more serious judgment must condemn  
 The dire effects of her unhappy flame ;  
 Yet, ye chaste matrons, and ye tender fair,  
 Let love and innocence engage your care ;  
 My spotless flames to your protection take,  
 And spare poor Phædra for Ismena's sake.

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### EPILOGUE TO LUCIUS<sup>1</sup>.

SPOKEN BY MRS. HORTON.

THE female Author who recites to-day,  
 Trusts to her sex the merit of her play.  
 Like Father Bays, securely she sits down :  
 Pit, box, and gallery, Gad ! all's our own.

<sup>1</sup> Lucius, the first Christian King of Britain, a tragedy, written by Mrs. Manley.

In ancient Greece, she says, when Sappho writ,  
 By their applause the critics show'd their wit;  
 They tun'd their voices to her lyric string,  
 Though they could all do something more than sing.  
 But one exception to this fact we find,  
 That booby Phaon only was unkind,  
 An ill-bred boatman, rough ~~as~~ waves and wind. }  
 From Sappho down through all succeeding ages,  
 And now on French or on Italian stages,  
 Rough satires, sly remarks, ill-natur'd speeches,  
 Are always aim'd at poets that wear breeches.  
 Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no man  
 Drew a sharp pen upon a naked woman.  
 The blustering bully in our neighbouring streets  
 Scorns to attack the female that he meets;  
 Fearless, the petticoat contemns his frowns,  
 The hoop secures whatever it surrounds.  
 The many-colour'd gentry there above,  
 By turns are rul'd by Tumult and by Love,  
 And while their sweethearts their attention fix,  
 Suspend the din of their damn'd clattering sticks.  
 Now, sirs,—

To you our Author makes her soft request,  
 Who speak the kindest, and who write the best;  
 Your sympathetic hearts she hopes to move,  
 From tender friendship and endearing love.  
 If Petrarch's muse did Laura's wit rehearse,  
 And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verse,  
 She hopes from you—Pox take her hopes and fears;  
 I plead her sex's claim; what matters her's?  
 By our full power of beauty we think fit  
 To damn this Salique law impos'd on wit;  
 We'll try the empire you so long have boasted,  
 And if we are not prais'd, we'll not be toasted:



Approve what one of us presents to-night,  
Or every mortal woman here shall write :  
Rural, pathetic, narrative, sublime,  
We'll write to you, and make you write in rhyme ; }  
Female remarks shall take up all your time. }  
Your time, poor souls ! we'll take your very money ;  
Female third days shall come so thick upon ye,  
As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,  
We'll look, or write, or talk you all, to death,  
Unless you yield for better and for worse ; }  
Then the she-Pegasus shall gain the course, }  
And the grey mare will prove the better horse. }

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